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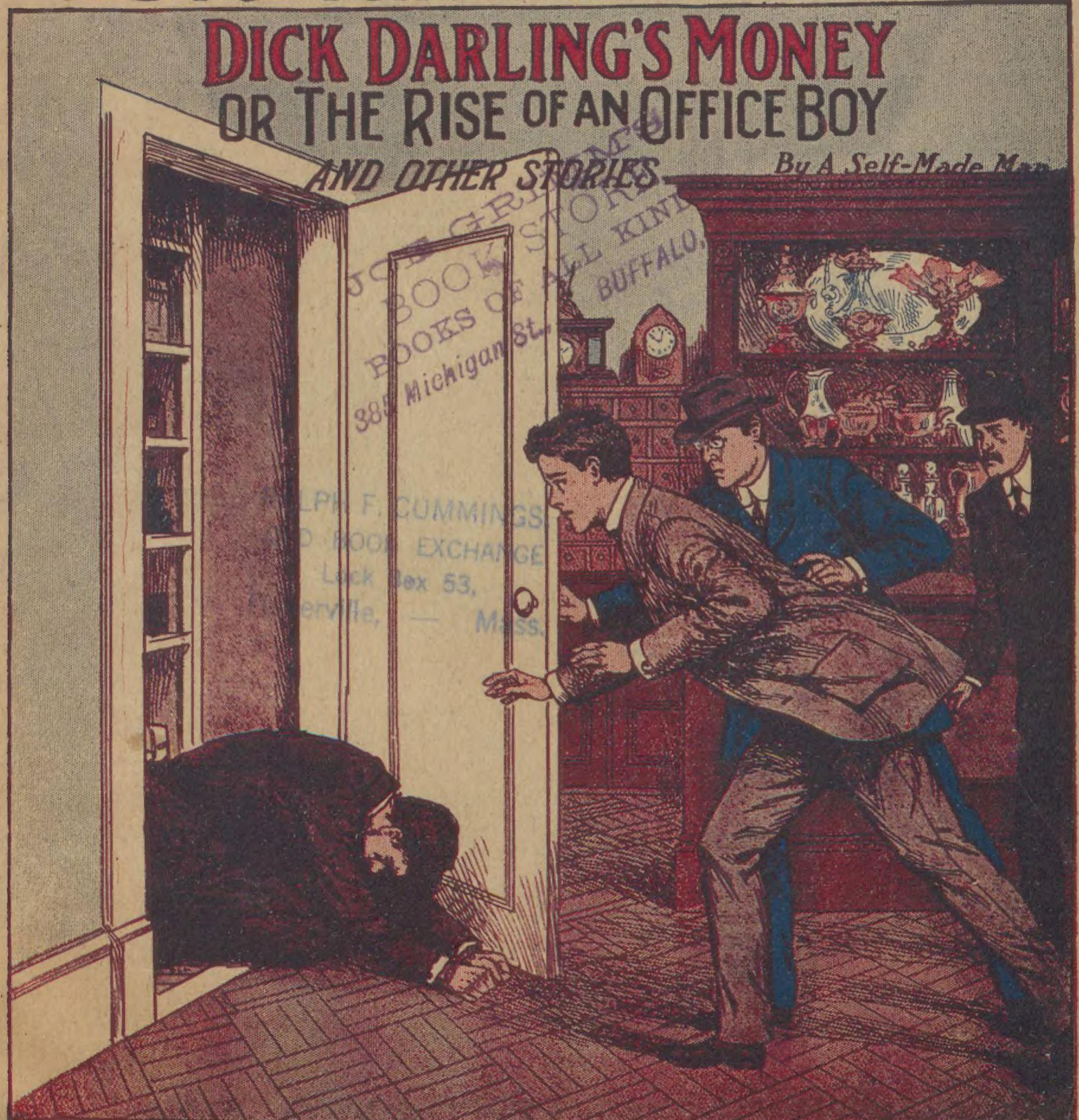
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

DICK DARLING'S MONEY OR THE RISE OF AN OFFICE BOY

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



Dick's head, falling forward when he lost consciousness, hit the door and the sound attracted the attention of the proprietor and his two clerks. "What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Bacon. He pulled the door open and the office boy fell out.

RALPH E. CUMMINGS,
OLD BOOK EXCHANGE
Lock Box 53,
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No. 801

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1924.

Price 7 Cents

Dick Darling's MONEY

RALPH F. CUMMINGS,

OLD BOOK EXCHANGE

Lock Box 53,

FISHERVILLE,

Mass.

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Office Boy's Peril.

"Dick, come into my office," said Mr. Roger Bacon, a well-known wholesale dealer in watches, jewelry and silverware, on John street, New York City.

"Yes, sir," replied Dick Darling, his fifteen-year-old office boy—a bright, good-looking lad, who had not yet graduated out of knickerbockers, though most boys of his age would have dispensed with them for trousers. Somehow or another Dick looked to unusual advantage in knickerbockers, and he made a pretty figure in the store, which naturally made his employer partial to that kind of attire in him. That was one reason why he continued to wear them at his age.

Another reason was because being the youngest of a family of four, the older members being all girls, he was regarded by his mother and sisters as the baby of the family, and they wouldn't hear to his making any change in his attire. He was only a baby in name, however, for there wasn't a pluckier young chap of his years in his neighborhood, or in the city for that matter. The boys in his block, who knew him well, and those employed in the vicinity of Mr. Bacon's store, downtown, often made his knickerbockers the butt of their witticism, but Dick was a self-reliant, independent youth, and he didn't care a rap for the fun and criticism that was directed at his apparel. He surprised the downtown lads by polishing off a couple of them who got too gay on the subject, which made the rest rather shy about tackling him, since it was apparent that he knew how to use his fists if forced to call upon them. When Dick followed his employer into his private office the merchant pointed at the chair beside the desk, so the office boy sat down and awaited developments.

"Dick," said Mr. Bacon, "I'm going to send you on an unusual mission. I want you to take this package," laying his hand on a square one which stood on his desk, "to Springville, New Jersey. The village is about an hour's ride from Jersey City, on the line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. A train that will stop there leaves Jersey City at four-thirty, and you have thirty minutes to catch it. You will deliver the package at the home of Mr. Goodrich—his name and address are written on the outside. As he is well known in the place, the station agent or anybody in the village will direct you to his house, which I believe is not over ten minutes' walk from the station. Under ordinary circumstances this pack-

age would be sent by express, but the order came only a short time ago, and the article must reach the gentleman early this evening. I may as well tell you that it is a wedding present, and is worth about \$330. You ought to be able to deliver the package and get back to the station in time to take the train for Jersey City which stops at Springville at six-fifteen. That is all. Go to the cashier and he will hand you money enough to cover all your expenses."

Dick took the package and carried it with him into the counting room, where the cashier handed him a five-dollar bill and told him to turn in the change in the morning. Then he put on his hat and started for the Cortlandt street ferry. He landed in Jersey City in ample time to catch the accommodation train which stopped at all points north of its destination. Dick enjoyed the ride to Springville, where he arrived about half-past five.

He found no trouble in reaching the Goodrich house, where he asked for Mr. Goodrich and delivered the package to him. The gentleman presented him with a dollar, treated him to some cake and lemonade, after which Dick started back for the station. He arrived there five minutes before train time and went to the window to buy a return ticket. The agent was busy at the telegraph key and Dick had to wait for him to get through.

"I want a ticket for Jersey City," said the office boy.

"Sorry, but there's just been an accident down the road. The train you expect to take, due here in five minutes, ran into a number of freight cars on a siding, owing to a switch having been imperfectly locked, and it stuck there. It may be hours before the tangle is straightened out. You will have to wait for the nine-ten, which is the next train that stops here."

"Nine-ten!" exclaimed Dick. "That's three hours from now."

The agent nodded.

"This is only a small place, and but few of the trains stop here," he said.

"If I have to wait for that train I won't get home till after eleven o'clock, and my folks will be worried to death about me, for they don't know that I was sent down here."

The agent looked at the clock.

"Well, I'll tell you what you can do if you are a spry walker. The express which passes here at seven-thirty stops at Carlin, six miles north of this station. There's a good road running

straight to that town. If you think you can cover the distance between now and seven-thirty-eight, why, you will be able to get that train, which will land you in Jersey City about eight-ten."

"I'll try it. Where's the road?"

The agent came out of his office, took Dick to the rear door of the station, and showed him the road.

"It goes right to Carlin, you say?" said Dick.

"Yes."

"Will it land me near the station?"

"Within a short distance of it. You ought to make the train, for you have an hour and twenty-five minutes to do it in. You ought to be able to walk five miles in an hour if you do your best. It's a good hard road on which a person can make good time."

Dick started at a brisk walk for Carlin. He came to a fork in the road after going about a mile. After due deliberation he took what he thought was the right road, but which turned out to be the wrong one. After he had walked what he thought at least six miles and no town in sight, he felt he had taken the wrong road. An old and apparently deserted house stood near where Dick halted and a storm coming up, he decided to seek shelter there. It was now nearly dark. Dick sought shelter in the old house. The door was nearly off its hinges. Soon the storm came on, and by a flash of lightning he saw a couple of men each with a bag over his shoulder, putting for the house. He drew back into what had apparently been a bedroom, as he did not wish to be seen by the strangers.

As soon as the two men entered, they started to talk of dividing the contents of the bags as soon as they reached the house of one of the men, who was called Parker by the other, whose name was Bulger. Dick soon learned the bag contained the contents of a burglary which the two men had committed on a large house in the vicinity, and that they had had an exciting encounter with one of the servants. Dick felt that he was in bad company. In leaning a little too heavily on one foot a board creaked, which sound the two thieves heard, and they started to investigate. Dick retreated into a corner of the room. One of the thieves heard him and made a dive for the spot. As Dick could not see the crook any better than that individual could see him, he was taken by surprise when the muscular arms of the man suddenly encountered him and he was immediately seized and dragged out of the corner. The crook saw that it was a boy he had hold of.

"Now, you young imp, I've got you!" he cried triumphantly. "What are you hidin' up in this place for?"

"What's that to you?" replied Dick pluckily.

"Sassy, are you? I reckon I'll take some of the sass out'r you before I'm through with you. Come along."

He dragged the boy into the next room.

"Open the winder and let's take a squint at this chap," said Bulger.

Parker threw up the dirty window overlooking the road, but the amount of light that came in did not greatly help matters out.

"How came you in this house?" said Bulger.

"I came here to get out of the storm," replied Dick.

"Oh, you did; then why didn't you show yourself when we came in?"

"Why should I?"

"You heard us come in, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't let on you were here. You've been listenin' to our talk."

Dick made no reply.

"You heard all we said, didn't you?" said Bulger, giving the boy a rough shake.

"You say I did."

"I know you did."

"Then what's the use of asking me, if you know so much?"

"Because I want you to admit it."

"I'll admit nothing."

"I'll choke the life out of you if you don't!" said the crook savagely.

"I haven't done you any harm, what do you want to treat me this way for?"

"But you intend to squeal on us as soon as you get away."

"What will I squeal about?"

"About what you heard."

"I haven't said that I heard anything."

"Who are you, anyway?" said Bulger, suddenly changing his line of questioning.

"My name is Dick Darling."

"Where do you live around here?"

"I don't live around here at all."

"You don't? Know anybody named Darling about here, Parker?"

"No. He looks like a stranger to me as well as I can see him," said Parker.

"Where do you live, then?" demanded Bulger.

"In New York."

"New York!" roared the crook. "What are you givin' me?"

"That's the truth."

"What are you doin' 'way down here in Jersey, then? Who are you visitin'?"

"Nobody. I was sent to Springville on an errand by my boss."

"Where's Springville, Parker?"

"It's a village on the railroad about eight miles from here."

"If you were sent to Springville, how is it that you are over here?"

"An accident happened to the train I was going to take for Jersey City, and the agent told me that I could catch an express if I walked to Carlin. That's what brought me over here."

"Did you start to walk to Carlin from Springville?" asked Parker.

"Yes," replied Dick.

"And instead of keepin' to your left, you turned into the road to the right and came over here, eh?"

"Yes, I did that. And I walked away from the town instead of toward it?"

"That's what you've been doin'."

"That's tough. I'll have to go back to the Carlin road, then, before I'm on the right track again."

"I reckon you won't go nowheres at present," said Bulger. "You've heard too much for some people's good. We'll take him over to your place, Parker, and hold on to him till I'm ready to dig out, and then I'll take him with me."

Having decided that point, the crook took a firm hold of the boy by the arm, and led him

outside, followed by his pal, who shouldered the two bags.

CHAPTER II.—Dick Escapes.

Dick was marched along the road to a field, lifted over the fence, and compelled to tramp it through the sodden turf and high grass. At length they reached another fence and he was lifted over that, too. The grass wasn't so tall in this meadow, but it was high enough to keep his shoes and stockings well soaked. They passed downhill here into a wood, and through the wood to another meadow, and across the meadow to a road, a narrow branch one, and along the road to a small weather-beaten picket gate, in the center of a picket fence, which admitted them to a ruinous-looking plot of ground, in the foreground of which stood a disreputable-looking two-story house, with a light shining from one of the windows. Dick was marched around the house to a crazy barn in the rear. The door, held by a hasp and staple, was opened and he was pushed in, followed by the man, Parker dropping the bags on the floor. Parker fumbled about on a beam till he found a match, with which he lighted a lantern. Then he got a piece of rope and with it Dick was bound to a post on which some odd pieces of harness were hanging. The men then conferred in a low tone. Finally, after Bulger had examined Dick's bonds to make sure that he was well tied, the men took the bags up and left the barn, after blowing out the light, and secured the door after them.

For the next half hour Dick worked hard to get free from the post. He twisted and pulled and shoved his arms this way and that, stopping occasionally to rest himself. Perseverance, they say, will conquer in the end; at any rate, it did in Dick's case, for at the end of thirty minutes he pulled one of his hands out of the bonds. The other soon followed, but still he wasn't free, for the rope around his chest held him close to the post. Even though his hands were free, he could not reach the knot that held him a prisoner. However, that did not greatly matter, for he managed to work his right arm to the front so he could put his hand in his pocket and pull out his knife. He had to put it behind his back to open it, but once that was done all he had to do was to crook his arm and begin sawing at the rope. The blade was sharp so the strands were quickly severed, and he stepped away from the post, free at last. The next thing was to get out of the barn. He tried the door, but that was beyond him. Then he felt his way around the walls in the dark, stumbling over various obstacles in his path. He found a place at the back where the boards appeared to be loose. He struck at one with his heel and it began to give way. Encouraged by this, he kept at it and in a short time detached the end of the board. He succeeded in knocking out a second board, and ripping both off, made a hole sufficiently large for him to crawl through. He knew where the road was and he started for it, taking care to give the house a wide berth.

There was a light in the room he judged was the kitchen, and he believed the two men were there, drying their clothes. He climbed over the picket fence, and when he stood in the road the

problem of where it led to struck him with some force. He would have to follow the road in one direction or the other; and he had no idea at all where he would fetch up at. The night was dark and the strangeness and uncertainty of his situation made him feel all at sea. He started down the road at random, hoping he would meet with a house where, if the inmates were up, he could get information that would enable him to reach Carlin. He saw the lighted windows of a house up the road and decided to go there and make his inquiries. As he approached the gate he saw three men standing there talking. Two of them seemed to be rural policemen. They looked at him as he came up.

"Is this the road that runs into the Carlin road?" he asked the party generally.

"Yes," replied the well-dressed third person, who was evidently connected with the house.

"Would you favor me with the time?"

"It is about ten o'clock."

"Thank you, sir; now maybe you'll tell me whether this house was robbed this evening just before the thunderstorm?"

The three looked at Dick with some surprise and curiosity.

"Yes, it was," replied the gentleman. "How did you learn about it?"

"From the two thieves themselves."

His reply created something of a sensation.

"You learned the fact from the thieves?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"Pray, who are you, young man? You seem to be a stranger in this vicinity."

"I am a stranger. My name is Dick Darling. I live in New York, and am employed by Roger Bacon, wholesale dealer in watches, jewelry and silverware. I was sent with a package to Mr. Goodrich, of Springville, a few miles from here, this afternoon, but after delivering it I found that the accommodation train for Jersey City, which stops at Springville at six-fifteen, had met with an accident which put it out of business, and being anxious to get home, the agent told me that if I walked to Carlin, six miles north, I could catch the next express, which stopped there at seven-thirty-eight. I started to walk, and got on all right till I came to where the road joined another, this one, in fact. I took this one by mistake and it brought me out here, away from Carlin, though I did not know at the time that I was going wrong. Then the thunderstorm came on and I took refuge in the vacant house up yonder."

Dick then went on to describe the arrival of the two rough characters with a bag each, and how not liking their looks he retreated to another room, from which spot he overheard them speaking about the robbery they had committed, and what their plans were for the immediate future. Then he told how they discovered his presence in the house and made a prisoner of him, and after questioning him closely they took him over to the house where the man named Parker lived, where they locked him up in the barn, after tying him to a post to make sure he wouldn't get away; but he had made his escape in spite of their precautions, and found his way over to that road, his object being to reach Carlin and, after reporting the robbery and all the facts connected

with it, take the first train he could get for home. Dick's story interested the gentleman, whose name was Mason. They said they would go and arrest the thieves, while Dick was to stay at Mason's house until they came back. This plan was carried out.

CHAPTER III.—Dick Meets the Mason Family.

The gentleman took Dick into the house by a side door and up a back stairs to his own room. Here he provided the boy with a pair of long stockings and his own slippers. Then he showed him where he could wash his hands and face and brush his hair. While Dick was thus employed, his host took his shoes and stockings down to the kitchen, and instructed the cook to start up the fire and dry them as soon as possible. He returned to his room and found that Dick had made a great improvement in his personal appearance.

"Now we will go into the sitting room, and I will make you acquainted with my family," he said. "They are greatly exercised over the robbery, for the thieves made a clean sweep of this floor, and took all the jewelry and other personal belongings of value, including a much-prized set of silverware which my wife inherited from her mother. The loss of the latter has made her quite ill, but when I tell her that we are likely to recover all our property through the information furnished by you, it will make her feel much better, and you will receive her thanks."

Mrs. Mason, her unmarried sister, and Miss Madge were seated in a bunch in the sitting room, looking very much dejected.

"Let me make you acquainted with Richard Darling, of New York," said Mr. Mason.

Dick bowed and the ladies acknowledged the introduction in a solemn way, expressive of the state of their feelings.

"You will be glad to learn that this young man has brought us a clue to the rascals who robbed the house, and the constables have gone off quite confident of capturing them and recovering our property," said the gentleman.

His words produced a considerable change in the ladies.

"Do you really think, John, that they will be caught, and that we shall get our things back?" asked his wife.

"I have strong hopes for it, for this lad's story confirms William's statement that Samuel Parker is one of the men. According to his account, the two rascals went over to Parker's house, where they proposed to hide the plunder in a dry well on his grounds until it could be safely taken away and disposed of."

Mr. Mason asked Dick to tell his story to the ladies, and he did so. They expressed their astonishment that circumstances should have brought him into the business, and declared that he was a fine, plucky boy. They said they were sorry that his mother and sisters would necessarily be worried about him, but he was sure to get home early in the morning, probably about half-past two, and then their anxiety would be allayed.

"In the meanwhile we will try and make your short stay with us as pleasant as possible," said

Mr. Mason, "and I assure you that you are entitled to our grateful appreciation. We won't forget what we owe you for the clue you have furnished us, even if those rascals are not caught as soon as we expect. And now as you have missed your dinner, I will see that a meal is prepared for you at once."

The gentleman left the room and the ladies continued conversing with Dick. He was such a nice, polite boy, and gentle in his ways, as lads brought up in a family of girls usually are, that they took a great fancy to him. After a while Mr. Mason returned and told him to accompany him downstairs. Dick found a nice meal waiting for him, and as he was very hungry, he did full justice to it. While he was eating, the constables returned, bringing their prisoners with them and also the stolen goods. The ladies were pleased to death to learn that their property had been recovered and, of course, gave all the credit for it to Dick. After the office boy had finished eating he was taken outside to identify the rascals, which he did. The servant William also recognized them as the thieves. Bulger favored Dick with an unpleasant look and told him he hoped to get even with him some day.

The rascals were then put in a wagon and carried to the lock-up of the near-by village to be removed next morning to Carlin. Mr. Mason had his auto brought out of the garage.

"I am ready to take you to the station at Carlin," he said.

Dick was quite ready to go with him. He bade the ladies and Miss Madge, who had taken a decided liking to him, good-night, and he and his host were presently en route for that town, which they reached in ample time for Dick to connect with the midnight express. Thirty minutes later he reached Jersey City, crossed the river and took an elevated train for Harlem. He reached the flat where the family lived a few minutes before two and found his mother and sisters all up and in a great stew about him. He explained everything to them, and then the family retired to make the most of the few hours before morning called them to arise as usual, for the girls all worked in offices downtown and had to get away about eight o'clock. Dick reached the store on time next morning, in spite of the fact that his usual hours of sleep had been curtailed, and he turned the change of the \$5 bill over to the cashier; also the receipt Mr. Goodrich had signed for the package. The office boy attended to his duties until Mr. Bacon appeared about ten o'clock, when he followed him into his office.

"You delivered the package to Mr. Goodrich all right, I suppose?" said his employer.

"Yes, sir. I handed the receipt to the cashier."

Then Dick surprised Mr. Bacon with the story of his adventures with the two thieves in New Jersey.

"You didn't have much sleep," said Mr. Bacon. "If you feel tired this afternoon you can go home at four o'clock."

"Thank you, sir, but I don't think that will be necessary. I'll have plenty of time to make up my lost rest by going to bed directly after supper. Mr. Mason told me that I will be required to appear in court at Carlin this afternoon when the men are brought up before the magistrate. He told me I should take the half-past twelve

train down, and that he would meet me at the station. Can I go?"

"Certainly. I have no right to prevent you giving your testimony in court."

That ended the interview. Dick went to Carlin that afternoon, was taken to the court by Mason, and identified the men as the two thieves, telling his story in a straightforward way. The rascals were held for trial. Dick returned to New York by an express, reaching Jersey City at half-past five, and within an hour got home, just in time to sit down to supper.

CHAPTER V.—The Missing Diamond.

Although Mr. Bacon was a wholesale dealer, he also did a considerable retail trade as well. On the following morning a well-dressed man came into the store and asked to see some fine diamonds. The clerk who waited on him showed him a tray full of choice gems from two carats up to five. The customer looked them over carefully, made several selections, but the price was always too high for him to pay. He tried to get the clerk to reduce the figure, but that was out of the question, as Mr. Bacon had but one price for his goods. Finally the man said that he would have to go elsewhere. As he started to leave the sharp-eyed clerk noticed that a five-carat stone was missing from the tray.

"One minute, sir," said the clerk. "You forgot to return one of the diamonds you were looking at."

"I did? Nonsense! Do you take me for a thief? I only handled one of them at a time and after looking it over laid it down on the showcase, or on that mat."

"Nevertheless, one of the diamonds is missing," said the clerk, pushing a button under the counter which summoned the manager of the store. The customer waxed indignant and protested that he had no knowledge whatever of the diamond. The clerk insisted that he must have it.

"Well, then, you can search me, but I think it's an outrage," said the man.

The manager took him into his office and went through all his pockets, and looked him over for a secret pocket, but there was none and the diamond was not found on him.

"You see, I haven't got it," said the man. "Your clerk's eyesight is defective. I don't believe there is a diamond missing at all from the tray. He only thought there was."

Under the circumstances the customer was permitted to leave the store, though the manager was pretty well satisfied that the clerk had made no mistake. Dick had seen the man examining the diamonds, but had noticed no suspicious movement on his part to get away with a gem. In his opinion the man had been wrongfully accused. Once he had seen the man put his left hand under the outside ledge of the showcase at the bottom and hold it there for a moment, but he thought nothing of that. At any rate, he knew there was no place there where a diamond could be lodged even temporarily. The clerk looked over the floor on the outside of the counter, but without result, so he felt sure that the customer had managed to get away with it some-

how. In about half an hour a lady entered the store and went to the same counter. She wanted to look at some new style rings. While the clerk was producing a couple of trays, Dick, who was close by, saw her place her hand under the bottom ledge of the showcase and run it along there about a foot, an action the office boy thought strange. When she removed her hand she fumbled for her pocket. A moment or two later she was looking at the rings the clerk placed before her. At that juncture the manager called Dick and sent him down the block with a message. As he was coming back he saw the man who had been suspected of taking the diamond standing near the curb about a hundred yards from the store. He seemed to be waiting for some one.

Down the street came the lady whom Dick had left examining the rings. She went directly up to the man and handed him something. Dick saw him hold the article up and pick at it. In another moment he tossed something away and put his finger and thumb into his vest pocket, then the couple walked away. The meeting of these two persons struck Dick as having a suspicious bearing on the missing diamond, though just what the connection was he could not say. He looked at the place where he had seen the man toss what the woman had handed him and saw a small, dark object. He went and picked it up. It proved to be a wad of chewing gum. Dick was disappointed with his discovery and was about to drop it when he noticed a deep impression in it that looked like the imprint of a diamond.

Then the truth came to his bright mind like a flash of inspiration. The missing diamond had been stuck in the gum. Still that didn't explain to his mind how the diamond had got there, or how the lady who had been in the store half an hour after the man had come in possession of the diamond. The matter puzzled him greatly, but of one thing he was confident, and that was that the missing diamond was now in the man's pocket. Under such circumstances he believed that it was his duty to follow the pair. The couple turned into Nassau street and walked leisurely northward. Dick kept on behind them in a rather doubtful frame of mind. They kept straight on, passing the Tribune Building and the other newspaper offices of the Row, and so on under the Brooklyn Bridge entrance to the corner of North William, a narrow and short street that cuts into Park Row at that point. They crossed the head of this street and walked into a well-known pawnshop that stood there.

"I'll bet the man is going to pawn that diamond," thought Dick. "Well, I'm going to see if he is."

He immediately followed them into the public room. He found them standing before the long counter. A clerk came up to them.

"How much will you advance me for a month on that diamond?" asked the man, taking the unset stone out of his pocket and laying it down on the counter.

The size of the diamond corresponded with the missing one, and on the spur of the moment Dick glided to the counter and grabbed it before the clerk's fingers touched it.

"I don't think this shop will advance you a dollar on a stolen diamond," he said, stepping

back defiantly, ready to maintain his employer's claim to the stone.

The woman gave a stifled exclamation and looked frightened.

"Give me that diamond!" cried the man.

"No, sir. Will you send for a policeman to settle this matter?" said Dick to the clerk.

"Do you want me to send for an officer?" the clerk asked the man.

"No; I can settle my own business without a cop butting into it," replied the man savagely.

"Call an officer for me, then," said Dick. "I accuse this man of stealing the diamond he asked you to fix a price on."

"How dare you call me a thief!" roared the man.

"Because that's what you are," answered Dick defiantly.

Customers coming into the pawnshop stopped to see what was going on. As the case stood, all the advantage lay with Dick, for he had the article in dispute, and possession is nine points of the law. As the racket was highly undesirable in the pawnshop, the clerk decided to telephone for a policeman to come and straighten things out, since neither Dick nor the man showed any signs of giving in. The man himself realized that things were growing desperate. The lady said something to him in a low tone, but he shook his head impatiently. Evidently somebody had told a policeman of the case, for just at this time an officer appeared.

CHAPTER V.—Dick Carries His Point.

"Well, what's the trouble here?" asked the officer.

"The trouble is that man stole a five-carat unset diamond from our store and came here to pawn it. I followed him and got it away from him. I expect the manager of the store here any moment so I want that man detained till he comes," said Dick.

"It's a lie. The diamond is my property," said the accused wrathfully.

"He brought a lady with him and she has just run away," said Dick. "That looks suspicious."

"She was frightened by the trouble that you raised, you young imp."

The policeman turned to the head clerk and asked for the facts as far as he knew them. The chief clerk told the officer all that had happened from the moment the parties to the dispute made their appearance.

"This boy has the diamond, then?" said the policeman.

"He has," answered the pawn clerk.

"Hand it to me, young man."

Dick took it out of his pocket and turned it over to the officer.

"You charge this man with the theft of the stone from your store?"

"I do."

"Did you see him take it?"

"I did not."

"Then how do you know he stole it?"

"Because circumstances point towards him."

"What do you mean by circumstances?"

Dick explained that the accused had called at the store and asked to be shown some diamonds.

A tray of the stones had been submitted to his inspection under the eyes of the salesman. He looked over quite a number, and finally said the prices were too high for him to pay. Then he started to leave, but the salesman called him back because he noticed that one of the diamonds was missing. The man finally submitted to a search in the manager's office, and the diamond not being found on him, he was allowed to go.

"You see," said the accused, brightening up, "there is no evidence against me."

"You admit, then, you were in our store?" said Dick quickly.

"Yes, I never denied the fact."

"Is that so?" returned the boy. "A few minutes ago you said before this clerk that you had not been in any store this morning. Isn't that a fact?" added Dick, turning to the head clerk.

"Yes, he did say that," admitted the clerk.

"There you are," said Dick triumphantly.

"I couldn't have said such a thing," protested the man. "At any rate, you have shown that I didn't steal the diamond from your store."

"I have merely admitted that I did not see you take the stone. You'll have to explain how you came to have the missing stone in your possession when you came here to pawn it."

"That stone belongs to the lady who was with me. It never came out of your store."

"All right. When the manager arrives he will know the stone."

"I don't care what he will have to say about it. The stone belongs to the lady."

"You have been claiming it as your own right along."

"Well, what's hers is mine, in a way."

"Is she your wife?"

"It's none of your business whether she is or not."

"She did not claim the stone from the time I grabbed it till she ran away. If it was her property, I should think she would have put up a big kick."

"Where is the store you claim to be connected with?" asked the policeman.

"It's at No. — John street. Mr. Roger Bacon is the proprietor."

At that moment the manager of the store entered with the diamond salesman. Both of them immediately identified the accused as the man who had visited the store an hour or more since, and the manager corroborated all that Dick had already told about the circumstances of the case.

"But you have no evidence against the man," said the policeman.

"I understand that he brought a diamond here to pawn. I'd like to see it," said the manager.

The officer handed the five-carat stone to him. He looked it over and handed it to the salesman.

"Is that the stone that you missed?" he said.

"Yes, that appears to be the stone," said the clerk.

"How do you recognize it?" asked the officer, who believed that all unset diamonds of a size looked as much alike as all peas of a size. The salesman explained that it was a part of his business to make himself familiar with the looks and quality of all diamonds he had charge of.

"Well, this may or may not be the stone you assert is missing from your stock," said the policeman; "but as long as you can't show that this

man took it, I don't see how I can run him in without a regular warrant."

"I think I can throw some light on the matter," said Dick at this point.

All hands looked at him.

"Here's a piece of gum which I saw that man throw into the street after picking something out of it," he said, handing the gum to the manager. "It evidently held the diamond, for it bears a clear impression of a five-carat stone."

"It does, indeed!" said the manager.

"The lady who was in the store looking at rings when you sent me on the errand came up to that man and handed him that piece of gum. It was the singularity of their meeting that aroused my suspicions and caused me to watch and then follow them to this place, particularly after I picked the gum up and saw the impression of a diamond in it. I judged at once that the man must have hidden the stone in the gum and left it somewhere about the counter where the lady found it afterward and brought it to him."

Dick's words seemed to make the matter quite clear to the manager, who was familiar with many of the tricks adopted by diamond thieves to ply their vocation without detection.

"The gum business is an old trick," said the manager. "It's a wonder it did not occur to you," he added, looking at the salesman. "When a thief comes into a store he sometimes carries a piece of adhesive gum like that," he explained to the policeman. "The first thing he does is to attack it to the bottom of the showcase, out of sight. Then he watches his chance, and if he is a sufficiently expert sleight-of-hand artist, he manages at some time during his inspection of the stones to convey a diamond to the gum and force it into it. When the diamond is afterward missed he cheerfully submits to a search, for the stolen stone is not on his person. Later he sends a confederate into the store to get the gum, under cover of an intention to make some kind of a purchase, other than diamonds, at that counter. In this case, it is quite clear to me that the lady was the man's confederate. I think I am fully justified in demanding that fellow's arrest at our risk. It is too bad that the woman got away, but I guess we'll be able to find her. You have her description, Dick," he said to the office boy.

"Yes, sir. I'd recognize her on sight."

"Now, officer, you may arrest that man and take him to the police station. We will go with you and make the charge," said the manager.

"All right," said the policeman. "Come on, my man, you'll have to go with me."

That settled the case as far as the pawnshop was concerned, and the party directly interested started with the officer and the prisoner for the Brooklyn Bridge station. The charge was made against the man, who gave his name as Jack Hurley, and he was locked up pending his removal to the Tombs prison. The manager, salesman and Dick then returned to the store. The former complimented the office boy on his smartness in bringing the thief to justice, which would result in the ultimate return of the valuable diamond to the store. Mr. Bacon, who had been informed of the theft of the stone, was duly put in possession of Dick's clever work toward its recovery and the punishment of the thief and, it was hoped, his

accomplice. He sent for his office boy and added his compliments to those of the manager.

"You're a clever boy, Dick," he concluded, "and I'll see that you lose nothing through your devotion to my interests. That's all."

Dick got up and returned to his duty.

CHAPTER VI.—Knocked Out.

Of course, the robbery of the diamond and Dick's brilliant rounding up of the thief got into the afternoon papers. All the merchants and clerks of the jewelry district downtown were talking about it before closing-up time. Dick Darling, the boy in the knickerbockers, was voted an uncommonly smart lad, and people who knew Mr. Bacon told him so. One of Bacon's clerks after reading the story in the paper called Dick over and showed it to him. Dick bought a couple of papers on his way home and read both accounts. When he got to the house he handed one of the papers to his mother and called her attention to the story. She read it and was, of course, much surprised. Dick supplied her with many additional particulars not in the paper.

"Mr. Bacon must be greatly pleased with you," said Mrs. Darling.

"Yes, mother, I dare say he thinks I'm all to the good."

His sisters nearly always read the evening paper on their way home. The diamond theft having been given an important position on the first page of the papers they bought that afternoon, it attracted their attention right away. When they saw that the theft had taken place at the store where their brother was employed, they read on with added interest. Then when they saw Dick's name in cold type they became still more interested. As he proved to be the chief figure in the story, next to the thief, they grew quite excited over the story. Had they been together, their exclamations and talk would have attracted attention in the car, but they seldom came together on the same car or train, and so they waited till they reached home to loosen up their tongues. And what a jabbering there was in the little flat when they arrived within a few minutes of each other. They surrounded their brother and plied him with questions, till he broke away, declaring that they made his head ring. Their excitement lasted all through supper. The sum total of their opinion was that Dick was a regular hero, and they were awfully proud of him. The morning papers repeated the story with a few additional details, and Dick read it over again. Then he turned his attention to the other news.

He generally saw everything that was in the papers, though he didn't read everything, because he hadn't time to do so. A paragraph, however, caught his attention this morning which interested him. It told of the escape of Bulger and Parker from the Carlin jail. The jail was an old one, and they had been lodged in a cell the window bars of which proved to have become defective. At any rate, during the short time they were locked up there, they managed to loosen two of the bars so they could be removed during the night. From the window they reached the

jail yard, scaled the tall wall with its rusty spikes, and got away. Their escape was not discovered until morning, when officers were at once sent out to look for them.

Dick wondered if they would succeed in getting clear off. About eleven that morning Dick, the manager and the diamond salesman, went to the Tombs police court to appear against Jack Hurley, the diamond thief. He was represented by a cheap lawyer, who employed browbeating tactics in his client's behalf, but did not succeed in shaking the testimony of the witnesses. Dick being the chief witness, the lawyer spared no pains in his efforts to tangle the boy up. Finally he moved that his client be discharged on the ground that there was no real evidence connecting him with the theft of the diamond. The magistrate, however, refused to accept his view of the matter, and remanded Hurley to the consideration of the Grand Jury. During that month the store was closed at three on Saturday afternoon. On the Saturday following the events narrated the clerks were getting ready to leave, after having been paid off, when a consignment of cases containing silverwire arrived from the pier of one of the Sound steamboats. The goods had been shipped by the factory in Rhode Island the previous day, and had reached the city that morning, but the truckman had not been able to fetch them to the store until that hour.

As the manager had gone home, Mr. Bacon decided to stay himself and see the cases taken in, and detained two clerks to attend to the work along with the porter. An hour before, Dick had been sent up to the second floor, which was used in part as a sample room, to arrange some of the samples and move others out of the upright cases standing against the walls. There was no clock on that floor, and Dick, forgetting it was Saturday and that the house closed early, gave no attention to the flight of time. The cashier, thinking he was out on an errand, left his pay envelope on Mr. Bacon's desk, and the proprietor seeing it there, also concluded that the manager had sent Dick out before he left. When the truck came up, two rough-looking men were lounging on the opposite side of the street. They were not there by accident, and since they came there they had been watching the Bacon store in a furtive way. The cases of goods were taken off the truck and sent down into the cellar.

While this work was under way one of the men strolled across the street, and, watching his chance, sneaked into the store. He made his way to the back and looked around. Seeing no one there, he walked upstairs and found himself in the sample room. The sight of numerous pieces of choice silverware of all kinds and sizes made him anxious, and he made up his mind to get away with several of the least bulky ones, which he could successfully conceal in his clothes. He approached a case with the view of helping himself when he suddenly came upon Dick, who was kneeling on the floor behind a table. The boy looked up and uttered an exclamation, for he recognized the intruder as Bulger, whose escape from the Carlin jail he had read about. Bulger recognized him at the same moment, and, with an imprecation, seized him.

"So I've got hold of you again," he said. "Me and my pal have been waitin' an hour to get a

sight of you. We want to settle accounts with you."

"More likely you'll be settled yourselves," said Dick pluckily. "I've only to call out and some of the clerks will come up and take charge of you."

"You won't do any callin' out if I can help it," said the rascal, seizing the boy by the throat and choking him hard. Dick struggled in vain to free himself from the burly man's grasp, but he was taken at a disadvantage, and found himself quite powerless. He gasped for breath, and was turning black in the face, when Bulger, not intending to kill him, eased up a bit. The sight of the silverware within his reach had put different thoughts into the fellow's head, and seeing the door of a closet standing ajar, he dragged Dick to it, tied his wrists together with a piece of cord, in a rough way, shoved him into the closet, and shut the door tight.

Dick, though not wholly unconscious, was fast becoming so from the effect of the choking, added to the lack of air in the closet. Bulger quickly opened a case, abstracted several small pieces of silverware, concealed them about his person, and hurriedly left the sample room, sneaking downstairs and making for the front door. Mr. Bacon and the clerks were so busily engaged with the cases of goods that they did not notice the rascal slip out of the door and walk down the street, after signaling to Parker, on the other side, to follow.

As soon as the goods had all been placed in the cellar, Mr. Bacon and the two clerks re-entered the store. The merchant went into his office to get a small package he was going to take home. Then the sight of Dick's pay envelope on his desk made him remember the boy.

"I wonder where he was sent?" he asked himself.

It occurred to him to ask the clerks if they had any idea where he was. He stepped outside where the young men were washing their hands and putting on their coats.

"Does either of you know where Dick is?" he inquired.

"He's gone home," replied one of the clerks.

"That can't be, for his pay envelope is here waiting for him to claim it."

"Is that so?" said the clerk.

"Yes; the cashier handed it to me and said he believed Mr. Dale had sent him out on an errand."

"He might have done so, but he would have got back long before this, for he knows that the store closes at three on Saturday."

"When did you see him last?"

"Something over an hour ago. He was then up on the next floor making some changes in the sample cases."

"He might be up there yet."

"It isn't likely, for he would come down after his money when he saw it was getting close to closing-up time."

"There's no clock up there, and, besides, he isn't a boy who watches the clock, like some employees do for fear they will work a minute more than they're paid for it. Dick is always interested in his work, I've noticed that, and it is just possible he might have overlooked the fact that

it is Saturday. I am going up to see if he is there," said Mr. Bacon.

The clerks followed him, curious to see if the boy was really still at work. They found no sign of the office boy on the floor.

"He is not here," said Mr. Bacon. "Mr. Dale must have sent him on an errand and he has been delayed."

The three were standing near the closet as the merchant spoke. It was at that very moment that the subject of their thoughts finally became senseless. Dick's head, falling forward when he lost consciousness, hit the door, and the sound attracted the attention of the proprietor and his two clerks.

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Bacon.

He pulled the door open and the office boy fell out.

CHAPTER VII.—Dick and His Eldest Sister.

To say that Mr. Bacon and his clerks were both astonished and startled would be stating the case quite mildly.

"My gracious!" cried the merchant. "What does this mean?"

One of the clerks stepped forward and raised Dick up.

"Why, his hands are bound!" he ejaculated, in surprise.

That fact was apparent to the others.

"Great heavens! How came he to be in this state?" cried Mr. Bacon. "Cut him loose as quick as you can. Jones, run down to my office and fetch a glass of the cognac you'll find on a shelf in the closet. This is certainly a most singular occurrence. Somebody bound the boy and shut him up in the closet. Nobody connected with the store would do such a thing as that. And yet how could a stranger have got up here unnoticed? A thief would not attempt to carry anything away before the clerks in the store. I don't understand it at all."

Clerk Jones returned with a glass partly filled with cognac. When Dick's head was lifted the clerk noticed the marks of Bulger's fingers on the boy's throat. He pointed to them and said:

"Look there; he's been choked."

"My goodness! so he was," said the merchant. "This is a very strange affair. But we'll be able to learn all about it as soon as he recovers his senses."

The brandy was poured little by little into Dick's mouth, and as it trickled down his throat it revived him and brought on a coughing spell which ended in his opening his eyes. As soon as he was somewhat recovered, Mr. Bacon said:

"Now tell us what happened to you, my boy. We found you in the closet with your wrists tied together. It was by the merest accident that we discovered you there. Your body fell against the door and made a noise. But for that we should not have known you were there, and you would have been locked up in the building until Monday morning."

Dick instinctively put his hand to his throat, for he felt the after effects of the impress of Bulger's fingers. With some difficulty at first, which wore off as he proceeded, Dick told his story.

He explained that the man who attacked him

and put him out was one of the two rascals he encountered down in New Jersey, and whom his testimony had materially helped to fasten the crime of the burglary of Mr. Mason's house upon. The men, he said, had escaped from the Carlin jail within a day or two of being locked up, and it was now clear that they had not been recaptured, but had made their escape to New York. It seemed strange, he thought, that Bulger should have the nerve to enter the store in quest of him, as his few words had indicated he had. It showed what a vindictive and desperate scoundrel he was. Dick wound up by asking if he had stolen anything, for it seemed likely that he would not go away without helping himself to some of the valuable articles that were within his easy reach.

That caused the clerks to examine the showcases, and they reported that some of the small samples in the case nearest the closet were missing from their place. Dick got up and confirmed inventory of the loss showed that it was not very the showcase at the time he was attacked. An inventory of the loss showed that it was not very considerable—probably not over \$100. Mr. Bacon went downstairs to notify the police department over the telephone about the affair, acquaint them with the amount of the loss, and the fact that the rascal who was implicated in the job had escaped, with his pal, from the Carlin jail a few days before, and furnish Bulger's name and description. Dick got his pay envelope, and by that time felt all right again. The store was then locked up by the porter and all hands separated for their homes. Bulger and Parker were caught that night at a low resort frequented by men of their stamp, and Mr. Bacon was notified by a policeman who called at the store on Monday morning.

Dick was sent up to headquarters to identify the men, which he had no trouble in doing. The Carlin authorities were notified of their arrest, and of the charge made against Bulger of assault and grand larceny, on which the New York authorities proposed to hold him until the grand jury returned an indictment against him. The Carlin authorities at once started extradition proceedings in order to get the two men back to stand trial for the robbery of Mr. Mason's house. In the end when the papers were served on the New York police department, the indictment against Bulger was pigeonholed for future use, and the men were delivered to representatives of the Carlin police. They were tried for the burglary almost immediately, and Dick appeared as a witness against them. They were convicted, Bulger, on account of his record, getting ten years, while Parker, as it was his first offence, was let off with five years. Dick was given a vacation of two weeks at the time, as he had received a pressing invitation to stay with the Mason family.

He would have got a week's vacation, anyway, as it was the month of August. The Masons treated him as an honored guest, and he spent most of his time in the company of Madge Mason, who was a very pretty and companionable girl.

As an evidence of his appreciation of Dick's services, Mr. Mason deeded to Mrs. Darling, in trust for Dick, a five-acre piece of ground, worth about \$250, which had come to him some years

before as part of a deal he made, and which he had no use for. Dick visited the place, which was fenced in and was rented as a pasture to a farmer whose property adjoined it. Mr. Mason told Dick that some day he might be able to sell it to a small farmer for twice its present value. At any rate, he could easily hold it as long as he chose, for the taxes on it were light, and it could be kept rented at a profit over all expenses.

The boy was delighted to come into possession of a piece of real estate. His ambition had always been to own property when he grew up. He thanked Mr. Mason for his gift, and took the deed home with him when he returned to New York. He handed it to his mother, as the property stood in her name, and was so recorded at Carlin, but the deed contained the trust clause which practically settled the ownership of the ground on her son. The trial of Jack Hurley came on about the time Dick got back to the city. The woman, who proved to be no relation of the thief, had been found and held in the House of Detention for Witnesses, as she agreed to appear against the man in consideration of the charge as a confederate being withdrawn. The result of the trial was that Hurley got three years up the river. After the conviction of the rascal, Mr. Bacon presented Dick with \$100. With that sum he started a bank account in his own name.

"You'll be wealthy some day, Dick," said his eldest sister, Gertie.

"How?" he asked.

"Why, you have \$100 and a piece of property estimated to be worth \$250, and which is likely to increase in value as you grow older."

"Suppose it's worth \$500 when I get to be twenty-one, that won't make me wealthy, even with the \$100 and the interest on top of it."

"No, but it'll start you on the road to wealth."

"Maybe it will, and maybe it won't," laughed Dick. "You may become wealthy long before I get within hailing distance of big money."

"Nonsense! I haven't got a cent."

"I know. You girls never have a cent left out of your princely wages, for you spend it all on glad rags in the hope of capturing a husband who will consider it an honor to pay all your bills, furnish you with a fine house, an auto to ride about in, and other et ceteras too numerous to mention."

"Aren't you the horrid boy to say such a thing!"

"Isn't it the truth?"

"Indeed, it isn't. I never expect to get married."

"You don't? Oh, come now, don't get off such whoppers or the bogie man will get you when you aren't looking."

"One must have a beau first, and you know I haven't acquired such a luxury yet."

"What's the matter with the gent in the tall dicer and lavender kids who calls on you regularly every week, and takes you out to the theater and entertainments? Mr. Clarence Peck. He's clerk in a broker's office, with prospects of advancement, and expectations from two maiden aunts."

His sister blushed vividly, and looked a bit confused.

"Mr. Peck is merely a friend," she said.

"Well, he thinks a lot of you."

"How do you know?" said his sister, with another blush.

"He didn't tell me so, I admit, but actions speak louder even than his lavender kids."

"I wish you wouldn't make fun of his gloves. I think they are the proper thing for him to wear."

Dick chuckled.

"He seems to be rather bashful, though. If I visited a girl as long as he has been coming here to see you, I would propose and have it over with."

"Don't be too sure that you would. Mr. Peck is not bashful; he is only a little diffident. He is very clever, but I sometimes fear that he lets his light shine under a bushel."

"What has a bushel got to do with him? It takes two pecks to make one, and he's only one Peck."

"Aren't you smart! I think we'd better change the subject."

"Sure I'm smart. I've proved that by helping to catch three crooks and send them to State prison. I think it's about time I shook these knickerbockers and got into trousers. I'm getting tired of being taken for a twelve-year-old kid."

"Why, the idea! You look real cute in knee pants. Mr. Peck says—"

"Cut out what Mr. Half Bushel says. I'm the party to be pleased. I've got a girl now, so it's time—"

"A girl!" exclaimed his sister, evidently astonished.

"Why not? Got any objection?" asked Dick aggressively.

"When did this happen? Who is she?"

"She's an heiress. You don't suppose I would consider any girl who hadn't prospects, do you?" grinned Dick.

"Tell me her name," asked his sister, with an air of inquisitive interest.

"Sorry, but I couldn't think of giving away such a valuable secret."

"Oh, I know—I know!" cried his sister, clapping her hands. "If you aren't the sly rogue! It's Madge Mason, the girl you've been talking so much about since you got home from your visit to her parents' home."

"Well, keep it dark, sis," said Dick, with a flush.

"Oh, I couldn't think of it. I must tell Nell and May and mother."

"You tell them and I'll get square with you. The next time Mr. Peck calls I'll tell him how much you're stuck on him, and then maybe he'll get up spunk enough to propose to you."

"You wouldn't dare, Richard Darling!" cried his sister, with a burning face.

"I wouldn't? Well, say, you don't know me! It's up to you. Keep mum about Miss Mason and I'll be good; otherwise—you know what'll happen."

Then Dick walked out of the room, satisfied that his sister would be as mute as a mop stick.

CHAPTER VIII.—Dick Has His Fortune Told.

We will pass over two years, during which Dick ceased to be an office boy and became one of the

most gentlemanly clerks in Mr. Bacon's store. His knickerbockers disappeared the day after the conversation he had with his sister, as detailed in the previous chapter, and he made his appearance at the store in a new suit of clothes, which so changed him that the boss and clerks hardly recognized him at first. The change developed a new line of witticism on the part of his young friends, but Dick took the bull by the horns in so energetic a way that the funny lads shut up in short order.

Dick now felt that he was a real man, except in years, and during the ensuing two years he deported himself along that line, and was made a clerk before the merchant had expected to raise him to that dignity; but the fact was when the knickerbockers went to the scrap heap Mr. Bacon decided that he looked too old to continue as his office boy, hence his promotion. During these two years Dick visited the Masons several times—spending the Christmas holidays with them twice, the Easter week-end once, and two weeks in each summer.

Thanksgiving was now approaching and he had received an invitation to come down and spend the interval between Wednesday afternoon till Monday morning, and Mr. Bacon very graciously gave him permission to do so. Dick was very glad to visit the Masons, not alone because he always received a royal welcome from the family as a whole, but because Madge Mason was now "sweet sixteen," and growing more charming every day. The fact that Madge was heiress to all her parents' worldly goods had really no bearing on his feelings toward the pretty miss. Of course it was nice to think that her future was provided for, but Dick liked her for herself alone, just as she entertained the same feelings toward him. Their friendship was firmly established, and both were never so happy as when together. Perhaps the fact that they were together so seldom, and then only for a short time, enhanced the feeling each felt toward the other. Presumably the girl's father and mother noticed the growing interest that existed between their daughter and the young New York clerk. Certainly they put no obstacles in the young people's way, which may be taken as evidence that they approved of it. Madge's aunt had a clearer insight into the matter than any one else, because the girl made a confidante of her. The Mason automobile was at the railroad station in Carlin waiting for Dick, who had written that he would come by express which left Jersey City at five-thirty. In the auto, besides the gardener, who acted as chauffeur, sat Miss Madge, in a warm gown trimmed with fur, while her pretty head was adorned with a bewitching fur cap, tilted on one side. The train came in on time and Dick jumped off with other passengers, carrying a small suit-case in his hand. Madge saw him at once and waved her handkerchief at him. Dick saw the signal, recognized the girl, and lost no time in reaching the automobile.

"This is quite an honor, Miss Madge," said Dick, raising his derby and stepping in beside his charmer.

"Really, do you think so?" replied Madge, as the gardener started off.

"I certainly do. I never dreamed I should have

so charming a companion on my ride to the house," he replied gallantly.

"Dear me, you say that awfully nice," returned the girl blushingly. "How are your mother and sisters?"

Dick assured her that they were quite well, and then asked after Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Miss Woods, the aunt.

"They're very well, indeed," said Madge.

"And how is Cleopatra?" asked Dick, who felt that so important a member of the family as Madge's pet cat must not be overlooked lest he incur the young lady's displeasure.

"Oh, Cleo is all right. She is really getting cuter every day."

"Can she stand on her head yet?" chuckled Dick.

"Of course not," said Madge. "Who ever heard of cats standing on their heads?"

Dick laughed and the conversation changed to another subject, during which they were whirled over the three miles of road and landed at the front door of the country house where Mr. Mason was on hand to welcome Dick. Next morning after breakfast Dick took a stroll over to his property, more for the exercise of walking than anything else, for he had viewed his five-acre plot often enough to know its layout by heart; besides, the month of November was a poor time to look at country land, which was wearing a wintry aspect. A lot of young trees had started growing over a part of his land, and at the edge of this section he was surprised to see a small wooden hut and round it two good-sized tents. It looked as if a family of squatters had camped upon his property. He saw a couple of small children playing around the door of the hut, and from its stovepipe smoke was floating upward.

"I like their nerve taking possession of my place," he thought, as he leaned over the fence and looked.

A young woman with a bright-colored shawl over her head and shoulders came out of the hut with a tin pail in her hand and went in the direction of a spring. Then Dick noticed a covered wagon of the prairie schooner kind, and beside it another rude, oblong building. He wondered that Mr. Mason hadn't told him about these free tenants, who had apparently taken root there for the winter at least. Curious to find out something about them, he got over the fence and walked toward the camp. A rough-looking man came out of one of the tents, with a pipe in his mouth, and looked at him. Dick walked up to him and asked him what he and the rest of the bunch were doing there.

"We are gypsies," replied the man, who was dark skinned and sported a black mustache. "We are camping here till next spring."

"Got permission to stay from the owner?" asked Dick.

A peculiar smile flickered about the man's mouth.

"We never ask permission. Why should we? The earth was made for all. We are only occupying a small part of it for the time being when the land is of no use to anybody."

"Then you have settled here as a sort of winter quarters. During the rest of the year you travel about the country, eh?"

The man nodded.

"We travel from place to place, staying as long as we choose. You do not look like a country boy. You have come here from some town or city."

"That's right. I belong in New York. It happens, however, that I own this piece of property."

"You do?" said the man, with an accent on the "you," looking Dick over curiously.

"Yes."

"You object to our being here, perhaps?" said the gypsy, with a frown.

"Oh, no, as long as you intend to start off in the spring."

"What is your name?"

"Richard Darling. What's yours?"

"Hugh Blacklock."

"You're the boss of this outfit, I suppose?"

The gypsy shook his head.

"Miriam is the head of our branch. There are seven of us, besides the children."

"Miriam!" said Dick. "That's a woman's name."

The man nodded.

"What's her other name?"

"That is the name she goes by. Perhaps you would like to see her? If you cross her palm with a piece of silver she will tell your fortune."

"I suppose that's the way you live—by telling fortunes?"

"That and selling fancywork. Come, I will introduce you to Miriam."

As Dick was curious to see the woman who was at the head of this small tribe of gypsies, he followed his conductor, and was taken into the hut. Miriam proved to be a woman of middle age, whose features were not unpleasant. She had raven black hair streaming down her back, and an eye as dark as a sloe. Her attire was shabby, with the exception of a bright-colored shawl worn carelessly across her shoulders. The man spoke to her in a strange tongue, and she regarded Dick with some attention.

"You are a brave-looking boy," she said. "Shall I tell your fortune? Come, cross my hand with silver, and I will see what the future holds in store for you."

Dick wasn't particularly curious about his future, and he rather doubted the ability of the woman to foretell anything of importance. However, he concluded to help the tribe along to the extent of a silver quarter, so he pulled the coin out and placed it in her hand.

"Your left hand," she said.

Dick presented it. She pored over the lines and mounds, which palmistry teaches mean so much, for a minute or more before speaking again.

"You were born of parents in moderate circumstances, and you are the youngest of four children," she said.

"That's hitting the mark pretty close," he thought. "I wonder how she can get that out of my hand?"

"One of your parents is dead," she continued. "and it seems to be your father."

"Another good guess," thought Dick.

"You had to go to work young, about your fourteenth year."

"That's right," admitted the boy. "Maybe you can tell me what business I am engaged in?"

"It is something genteel—a clerk in a store or office. You have been in danger twice within the last three years from evil-disposed persons. You are fated to make many friends, some of whom will help you forward in life, but your success will make enemies—you have already made three, two of whom have had something to do with the peril in which you have been placed. Since then life has run smoother with you, but beware, there is trouble hanging over you now."

"Trouble!" exclaimed Dick. "I see none ahead."

"Trouble comes when we are not looking for it."

"Well, give me a pointer on it. You ought to be able to tip me off how to get out of it."

"Beware of a tall, dark man and a short, light woman."

"That's rather indefinite."

"There is a connection between them and your business."

"My business, eh? This is getting interesting."

The woman frowned and changed the subject.

"You have a sweetheart and you are closer to her now than usual. She is the bright star of your life—whom you will marry. Three children will bless your marriage, and you will pass a large part of your life in the country."

"If you see all that in my hand, it is quite clear that the trouble you say is hanging over me now will not lay me out."

"You will always triumph over your enemies, but they will do you much harm. Fortune will soon smile on you. You are about to come into possession of riches."

"Where am I going to get it? I have no such expectation."

"Good luck, like trouble, often comes upon us unaware. At this moment you are close to a fortune in money."

"The dickens I am! I'm afraid you're making a mistake there."

"It is so written in your hand and will come to pass."

She dropped Dick's hand and the seance was over.

"Your hand is, on the whole, a lucky one," she said. "The fates smiled on you at your birth. Favorable planets were in happy aspect. Saturn alone casts its malignant influence across your life's path, but will not prevail."

With a sweep of her arm toward the door, Dick understood that he was dismissed, and he walked back to the house somewhat impressed by what he had learned.

CHAPTER IX.—In the Mirror.

When Dick reached the house, he found Madge waiting for him.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"I walked down the road as far as my property. Did you know there were gypsies camped on it?"

"Why, no; are there?"

"Yes. They have two tents, a hut, a wagon, and a sort of rough barn for their horses."

"They have no right to camp there. They are trespassing."

"Oh, well, they won't harm the property, and they'll go away in the spring."

"How do you know? Were you speaking to them?"

"I talked with one of the men, and with the woman who heads the tribe. Her name is Miriam, and she told my fortune."

"Really?" cried the girl, with a smile. "What did she tell you?"

"Many things that I know to be true, and some things that I hope will turn out true."

"Then your fortune was a good one?"

"On the whole, it was. You'd better call on her and have your fortune told."

"Perhaps I will, if aunty will go with me. Come, now, tell me what she told you."

Dick repeated as near as he could remember all that the gypsy woman had read in his hand, with the exception of that part referring to his sweethearts.

"I suppose she said you'd marry the girl of your choice and live happily ever afterward," laughed Madge slyly.

"Sure; they always put that in to make you feel good."

"So she said you were going to come into a fortune soon? Isn't that nice?"

"It's too nice to be true."

"It might happen."

"I haven't a rich relative in the world whose death would put me on Easy street."

"Then you'll get the money some other way."

"I don't know of any other way unless I robbed a bank, and I'm not likely to do that."

"You might find a pocketbook full of money."

"If I did I'd return it to the owner if I could locate him."

"Well, let us hope you will get the money somehow. Most people wouldn't worry how money came to them as long as they got it."

Dick agreed with her, and then they began talking about other things. On Monday morning him, so Dick laid himself out to please her. He eleven o'clock a small, stylishly dressed lady, of a blonde complexion, came into the store and asked for Mr. Bacon. She was shown into his office, where she introduced herself as Mrs. Patterson. She said she had been recommended to Mr. Bacon's store by the Rev. John Dobbs, pastor of a certain church. The church in question was the one that the merchant was connected with, and the pastor was a warm friend of his. She said that the Rev. Dobbs had given her a note to hand to Mr. Bacon, but she had lost or mislaid it, for it was not in her bag. The merchant asked her what he could do for her, and she said she had called to look at his stock of silver cups and a few other articles in the silver line. Mr. Bacon said he would be very glad to give her every opportunity to make a selection from among his latest samples, and he assigned Dick to wait on her, as the boy was very successful in dealing with the lady customers of the house.

So Dick took her up to the sample room and let her see what was on exhibition in the lines she wanted. The boy had engaging ways that always took with the ladies, so he never had any difficulty in handling them to their own satisfaction and that of his employer. Mr. Bacon had given him a quiet tip that Mrs. Patterson was a special customer who had been recommended to him, so Dick laid himself out to please her. He

appeared to have no trouble in doing so, for in a short time she made quite a number of purchases of the finest and most expensive articles, and giving her address to Dick said that she wanted the ware delivered C. O. D. at her residence that afternoon at six o'clock. Her husband would be home at that hour and would pay the bill in cash. She then left the store, after picking out an expensive diamond pin to be sent with the other goods. Dick turned the order and the directions in to his boss, who O. K.'d it and handed it over to his manager, through whom it proceeded to the packer, who got the articles from Dick, and the ring from the diamond salesman. About closing time Mr. Bacon called Dick into his office.

"I wish you'd take that package up to Mrs. Patterson's house, if it is not too heavy for you," the merchant said. "It is on your way home, and as the bill amounts to \$700, I'd rather you would collect it than a messenger."

"All right, sir," answered Dick, who was always willing to oblige his employer.

He got the package, which weighed about twenty pounds, and left the store with it at a quarter-past five, when the porter closed up. The address Mrs. Patterson had given was on the West Side, in a district wholly occupied by fine private houses, except in a few instances, where there were handsome apartment houses on the corners. Dick took the elevated at Cortlandt street station and at ten minutes of six got out at the nearest station on Columbus avenue to the block he was bound for. It still wanted a minute or two of six when he mounted the high stoop of the handsome house which bore Mrs. Patterson's number. He rang the bell, and after the lapse of five minutes, during which interval he was, without his knowledge, inspected through the inside blinds on the parlor floor, a tall man, in good clothes, with a dark complexion, opened the door and asked him what he wanted.

"Does Mrs. Henry Patterson live here?" he asked.

"She does," replied the man. "Are you from Mr. Bacon's store on John street?"

"I am."

"Walk in."

Dick entered and the heavy vestibule door was closed behind him.

"You have brought the bill for the goods with you?" said the man, in smooth tones, as he led the way inside the inner door.

"I have."

"Very well. I am Mr. Patterson. As soon as my wife has examined the articles and checked them off I will pay you the money for them."

The interior of the house, so far as Dick could judge from the looks of the hall, was in keeping with its external indications.

"Follow me upstairs to the sitting room," said Mr. Patterson.

Dick was introduced into the front room on the second floor which was handsomely furnished. The gentleman took the package and the itemized bill and pointed to a chair. Then he left the room. Ten minutes elapsed, during which Dick heard not a sound. The house was as silent as the grave. Then the door opened and Mr. Patterson reappeared.

"The articles are all right and my wife has O.

K'd the bill," he said. "Step this way and I will pay you."

Dick got up and followed him into the back room on the same floor. A chair was drawn up at the marble center table, and the boy was invited to be seated. Mr. Patterson went to a closet behind the boy and presently returned with a bunch of money, which he laid, with the bill, in front of him.

"Count it, please, and see that the sum is correct," said the gentleman.

Dick proceeded to do so. Mr. Patterson went back to the closet. In a moment or two he approached the boy so softly that Dick did not hear his steps. Even if he had he would have paid no attention to the gentleman's movements. Every one, it is said, is endowed with an instinctive sense that seems to be awakened by the unseen or unsuspected presence of another person in the room with us, particularly when that person is standing close behind. We cannot go into an explanation here of the phenomenon, but that it frequently comes to pass is an undoubted fact.

Certain it is Dick experienced it at that moment while he was counting the bunch of bills which seemed to be all five-dollar ones, and without any intention on his part he mechanically raised his eyes and looked straight ahead. They rested on the surface of a mirror hanging against the wall facing him. In the fraction of time at his disposal he was startled to see the form of Mr. Patterson towering about him, his arm uplifted in the act of bringing a slungshot down upon his head. The weapon was actually descending when Dick caught sight of it, and he dodged his head aside. The round iron ball swept his ear like a shot and landed just beyond his collar-bone, the man's hand striking his shoulder with considerable force. Dick slid off the chair on his hands and knees, and though much shaken up, was on his feet in a moment, for he was as active as a cat. There was a terrible look in the man's eyes as they confronted each other, then he sprang at Dick with a hissing imprecation.

CHAPTER X.—Dick's Strenuous Experience.

Dick, alive to his danger, side-stepped and launched out his fist at his assailant, catching him in the jaw with a blow that staggered him and caused him to drop the weapon. Before Dick could get in another effective blow, the man had him in his grasp, and a desperate struggle for the mastery took place between them. Over and over they rolled upon the rug, first one on top and then the other, but neither could maintain the temporary advantage. In the midst of it the door slowly opened and a woman looked in—the short, blonde lady who had made the purchases at the store. She gazed with dilated eyes on the struggle that was going on. Neither of the combatants saw her at the moment so intent were they on their own exertions. Slowly she opened the door until her handsome form stood fully revealed. She appeared to be nervously herself to go to the aid of the man who had represented himself as her husband. Gradually she entered the room, with an almost imperceptible motion, until her gaze rested on the slungshot. The

sight of it brought animation into her movements. She swooped down on it with a rush, and then the man took notice of her presence.

"Grab him, Fanny; he's as strong as a young bear," he cried.

At that moment Dick managed to get on top of his man again. He saw the woman's dress and looked up. She had the weapon raised to strike him.

"You—you here!" she cried, in startled tones, as she recognized the young clerk who had waited on her with such polite attention that she had felt attracted to him.

The blow did not fall. She crouched in the act of delivering it as if she had suddenly been transformed into a nerveless thing.

"Hit him—hit him!" hissed her husband, making no move to upset the boy, but trying his best to hold him at the woman's mercy.

"No, no, I can't, Jim; I can't strike that boy. He ought not to have come here. I did not dream that he would. He must not be hurt," she articulated, in an agitated voice.

"Are you mad, Fan? The boy has us in his power unless he is done up. Strike him and get it over with, do you hear me!"

"I can't," returned the woman, almost pathetically. "He reminds me of—"

"Blast your squeamishness! You will ruin us."

"We must adopt other means to silence him till we are safe," she said.

She looked feverishly about the room. Her eyes rested on a small bottle on the mantel. Flinging the slungshot down, she bounded over and seized it. Tearing a lace handkerchief from her bosom, she dashed some of the contents of the bottle on it. In the meantime the struggle between Dick and the man was renewed. Patterson succeeded in pulling the boy over on the rug again. As he held him there, the woman slipped over, threw her weight on Dick's side and pressed the handkerchief over his face. Dick struggled desperately, for he knew he was being drugged, but he had not the ghost of a show.

"It is better this way, Jim," she said. "Oh, why did he come here? Why did he come?"

"What's the matter with you?" growled Patterson, allowing matters to take their course. "What interest have you in that boy?"

"I don't know, indeed I don't; but he is a nice boy, and he looks so like my brother!" she faltered.

"Oh, hang your brother! What has your brother got to do with him?"

As Dick's struggles ceased the woman lifted the handkerchief. The boy was unconscious.

"Look at him, Jim; isn't he a handsome boy? And he treated me at the store as if I were a real lady."

Jim Patterson, if his name really was Patterson, which seemed doubtful after what had happened, uttered an imprecation as he got up.

"Now, then, you soft-hearted thing, go and find a piece of line for me to tie him with," he said.

"You won't do anything to him while I'm gone, will you, Jim?" she said anxiously.

"Why should I? He's down and out now for six or eight hours, which will give us time to skip. There's nothing in the house, except our trunks and duds that belong to us, for we took

the place furnished. When the servant returns in the morning she'll find the boy and liberate him. By that time we'll be a long way on our way West. We have cleaned up quite a stake since we've been here, and can live on Easy street for a while. I'm afraid I made a mistake in pulling off this last trick. There isn't enough in it for the risk we ran. You ought to have bought more diamonds while you were about it."

"I was afraid to buy too much lest it should have excited suspicion," she said.

"We won't quarrel over it. Go and get the line."

The woman left the room, her dress rustling on the stairs. In a short time, during which Patterson took the money from the table and put it in his pocket and paced up and down the room, she came back with a length of clothes-line. Dick was carried into a small bedroom on that floor and his arms bound to his sides by half a dozen turns of the rope, which was then knotted at his back. There he was left to lie like a dead one on the bed until well along in the evening, when the Pattersons were ready to leave the house for good, when Jim intended to carry him downstairs to the basement where the servant would find him in the morning when she returned. After the woman had completed the balance of the packing, she and Jim went out to their dinner. When they got back the expressman Patterson had arranged with early in the day to take their trunks to the Pennsylvania ferry was waiting for them. He took away all their baggage. Soon afterward Patterson carried the unconscious boy downstairs, placed him upright in a kitchen chair, with the table for a support, and then the rascal locked up the house and placed the key of the front door under the iron area gate where the servant would see it when she came in the morning, and with his wife started for the railroad station.

They had been gone about an hour when Dick recovered his senses. He discovered his bound condition at once, and wondered where he was, for the room he was in was pitch dark. He pushed back the chair with his feet, which he saw were not tied, and got up. His eyes were accustomed to the darkness so he soon made out the outline of the stove and other things that showed him that he was in the kitchen, which he judged was in the basement of the house. Walking toward the door, which he found standing open, he passed into the lower hall up which he went to the door that opened on to the small space within the area gate and directly under the stoop and the stairs to the sidewalk. Bending sideways a little, he seized the handle and turned, but it was, as he supposed, locked. He bent lower and felt for the key, but it was missing, for the servant had taken it with her, along with the key of the gate. He saw that he couldn't get out there, so he thought he would venture to try the front door. He walked softly upstairs, for he supposed the man and his wife were still in the house. There was no light in the hall and the house was as silent as the grave, from which fact Dick circulated that it was very late.

He went to the front door, the inner one, but again he was stumped, for that key was missing, too. That seemed to indicate that Patterson and his wife had left the premises. This appeared to be a reasonable conclusion under the circum-

stances. They would hardly remain all night after what they had been guilty of. If they had fled the place, they had left a furnished house behind them, and the boy presumed that the furnishings belonged to them. He wondered if the man had intended to kill him, and that the woman had saved his life.

The recollection of that awful sight of the descending slingshot he had caught sight of in the mirror, and which he shuddered to recall, and would never forget as long as he lived, made him think so. Believing that he was probably alone in the house, after all, he became less cautious in moving about. He turned the knob of the parlor door and walked into that big room. He could see the ghostly-looking pieces of furniture standing about, an upright piano, and the dim effect of walls covered with pictures. He went through into the back room, the folding doors of which stood open.

Here for the first time he heard a sound—the ticking of the gilt ormolu clock on a fancy shelf. The room was furnished as a library. There were bookcases filled with books, and a desk by the back window, the shades of which were down. Suddenly the thought occurred to him to see if there was a telephone in the room. He believed that houses of that class were nearly always equipped with one. Whether Patterson had use for such a convenience or not he could not say. When the man rented the house there was a telephone in it, and though he had little use for it, and as he did not intend to occupy the place long, he let it remain, and Dick discovered it attached to the wall beside the desk. He humped his shoulder and knocked the receiver off the hook. It fell upon his shoulder and lay close to his ear.

As soon as he heard the voice of the girl ask for the number wanted he put his mouth near the mouthpiece and said:

"Give me police headquarters—very urgent!"

Then he tilted his ear toward the receiver again. Presently he heard a man's voice call, "Hello!"

"Is this police headquarters?"

"Yes," came back the answer.

"Send a policeman to No. 164 West — street at once. I am locked in the house and my arms are bound to my sides. I am the victim of a pair of crooks, a man and a woman. The doors are locked so the officer will have to come prepared to force his entrance through the area gate or one of the windows. I am telephoning under great difficulties, so please don't ask questions, but act at once."

"All right," was the answer returned, and the officer closed his circuit.

As Dick couldn't replace the receiver, he had to let it drop the length of its covered wire, and the telephone girl soon saw that something was wrong, and she began ringing.

"Hello!" said Dick, returning to the phone. "The receiver is hanging and I can't replace it because my arms are bound. The circuit will have to remain open till the police get here. That's all," said Dick, judging that the call came from the girl at the central office.

She evidently understood and reported the situation, for the bell did not ring any more. Dick left the library and made his way down to the

dining room in the front of the basement to watch for the coming of the policeman. In a short time he saw an officer come in sight and stop in front of the house next door. A second policeman joined him a moment later and pointed to the right house. They started down into the areaway.

Dick at once pounded on the window with his forehead, the best he could do. The policeman heard the sounds and came up to the window, which was protected by diamond-shaped iron-work. Through this they peered and could just make out the boy's face pressed against the pane. One of them took an electric flashlight cylinder from his pocket and turned the light on Dick's form. They saw at once how his arms were bound alongside his body.

Then the officer turned the light on the iron area gate. As he looked it over, he saw the key on the floor just inside. He reached for it and tried it on the gate, but saw right away that it wouldn't fit. They conversed a minute, then leaving the area, they went up to the front door and found no trouble in opening the outer portal. Flashing the light on the inside door, they saw the key standing in the lock. In another moment they were in the house and Dick heard their heavy tread on the stairs, coming down. Within a minute he stood in the full glare of the flashlight, while the policemen were sizing him up.

CHAPTER XI.—Guilt Sees Its Finish.

"My, but I'm glad you've come!" said Dick, in a tone of relief. "Cut me free, please."

"How came you to be in this shape?" asked the officer with the flashlight, while the other produced his knife and began severing the clothes line.

Dick told his story in as few words as possible, beginning with the appearance of the richly dressed blonde woman at his store that morning. The policeman listened with attention.

"That fellow is no common rascal," said one of them, "and his name isn't Patterson, for a dollar bill. They have left the house of course?"

"I judge so, for I haven't heard a sound since I recovered my senses nearly an hour ago. Besides, the house appears to be locked up from the outside, or was until you came and got in. How did you manage to do it?"

The policeman told him about finding the key inside of the area gate, where it had evidently been placed by the man when he and the woman left.

"Well, come along to the police station with us, and we'll lock up the house again after we search it thoroughly. How much was the package worth you brought here?"

"Seven hundred dollars."

"They've got away with that, at any rate."

On their way upstairs Dick went into the library and replaced the telephone receiver on its hook. The officers were astonished to find the house so elegantly furnished, and they came to the erroneous conclusion that the family who occupied it was away, and that the crook and his accomplice had learned of the fact and taken possession of it for the purpose of working that

particular job. The truth came out later when the police made a thorough investigation of the case.

The house was looked over from cellar to the top floor, and nothing was to be seen but the furniture and furnishings, just as the house had been rented. The officers were of the opinion that Patterson had cleaned out everything that was worth carrying off. It was about midnight now, and Dick went with the policemen to the station to which they were attached, and told his story over again, with more detail, to the man at the desk. He furnished a first-rate description of Patterson and of the woman he claimed as his wife, and after Dick was allowed to go home several detectives were put out on the case. Dick got home about one o'clock and found his family all exercised over his failure to come home at a reasonable hour.

Only two of his sisters were now living in the flat, as Gertie, the elder, had succeeded in hooking Clarence Peck, and the young couple were living in a small genteel flat of their own. Dick had to explain the cause that had detained him, and his mother and two sisters were horrified over the recital.

"What a narrow escape you had, my dear boy!" said his mother tearfully.

"That's right, but don't let us talk about it. Is there anything handy that I can eat?" he said.

"I'll warm up something," said Nellie, "while May will make you a cup of tea."

The girls prepared him a meal and after eating it he turned in with the others. His story was in the morning papers, and the first inkling that Mr. Bacon, his manager and the clerks got of it was through the morning journals. Dick appeared at the store on time, and in advance of the other employees, and as they arrived they gathered around him and bombarded him with questions. He satisfied their curiosity as well as he could, and when the manager turned up he took the boy in his room and asked him to give him the whole story. Then Mr. Bacon appeared and Dick was closeted with him for half an hour.

The manager in the meanwhile had communicated with the police, who told him they were working on the case, but so far without results. During the day one of the people who lived opposite the house where the adventure happened to Dick, after reading the story in the paper, reported to the police that he had seen an expressman take two trunks and two suitcases out of the house at about half-past eight on the evening before. By that time the police had learned the name of the owner of the house and its contents, and learned from his representative that Patterson had leased the place for a year, giving certain references. He had paid only one month's rent—the first. The second month would be due in a few days, thereby showing that Patterson and his accomplice had occupied the house but one month. The servant had been found in the house and interviewed by a policeman. She was very much astonished to learn of the character of the parties who had engaged her as a cook and general domestic.

She had been with them since they took possession, and thought them very nice people, though she saw little of the man. Under close questioning she called to mind many things which

the detectives regarded as suspicious. In the course of a day or two some of Patterson's operations came to light, and the police picked up many clues concerning his movements while he was living at the house.

It was three days before the expressman who carried the trunks to the ferry was found, for he had been paid to keep a stiff upper lip, and had tried to keep out of the way, then the authorities got wise to the fact that the guilty couple had gone out of the city via the Pennsylvania road. By following the clue, the pair was traced to Pittsburg, and from there to Cincinnati, thence to St. Louis, where they were caught and brought back to New York.

Dick was called on to identify them, which he readily did. As he felt a certain gratitude toward the little blonde woman who had refused to lay him out with the slungshot, he would like to have made matters as easy for her as possible; but there was no getting around her part of the business, and so she was held for grand larceny, and criminal participation in the other operations which were brought against the man who was supposed to be her husband. In the end she was sent to Auburn, while Patterson got a long sentence at Sing Sing, but Mr. Bacon recovered none of his loss, not even the diamond ring.

The merchant did not blame Dick for the loss of his goods. It was clear that the game had been too slickly worked for the boy to have acted differently than he had done. On the whole, Mr. Bacon thought his young clerk a lucky boy to have escaped with his life. Dick spent his third Christmas week with the Masons, and made further progress in the good opinion of the gentleman, his wife and the sister-in-law, and more firmly established himself in the heart of Madge. He visited the gypsy camp again and told Miriam of the peril he had passed through in connection with the Pattersons.

"Did I not tell you to beware of a tall, dark man and a short, light woman?" said the gypsy queen.

"By George, you're right! Do you know, that fact has never occurred to me till this moment," admitted Dick. "The man was tall and dark, and the woman was a small blonde. I was lucky to fare no worse than I did."

"It was the benign influence of your favorable planets that saved you from death. How old are you?"

"I was eighteen about six months ago," said Dick.

"It is as I thought. You were threatened with a sudden and violent death through the position of Saturn in the sky at the moment you entered that house in the city; and but for other planetary influences in your favor you would have fared badly."

"How can you tell all that without even looking at my hand?"

"I recall much that your hand told me, and the circumstances you have related to me enables me to make those deductions."

"Hand-reading and astrology seem to be more or less alike."

"They must agree, or there would be nothing in either. Cartomancy, which means the reading of the past, present or future through cards, also coincides with the other two, reaching the same

results. Why, I can tell your character and all your characteristics by merely studying your physical appearance. You have a compact body, well-developed chest, and other traits that show at a glance the influence of the Sun and Jupiter at your birth, and indicate to an ordinary observer that you are endowed with good health and a resistance against disease. The color of your eyes, and hair, the size and shape of your hands, your ears, your eyebrows, all tell their story as clearly as if described in print. The very flush that you bear upon your cheeks shows beyond a doubt that you were born in the cycle of the Sun."

"You gypsies are a great people in your way, I am bound to say," said Dick, regarding Miriam with increased respect.

"Our ancestors came from Egypt. We are an old race."

"Well, I've got to be going," said Dick.

"You are bound back to the city—soon?"

"On the day after New Year's."

"When you return we will have departed, so I will say good-by forever."

"Maybe not. I expect to return at Easter."

"Unless the weather is backward, we will be on the move before then," she said. "One last look at your hand."

Dick gave it to her.

"I told you that you were coming into a fortune before long."

"I remember that you did. But there is very little chance of such a thing happening."

"The fortune will come to you around Easter."

"In what way?" asked Dick curiously.

"It is already yours. Indeed, you have been in possession of this fortune for three years."

"I have? Then it can't amount to much."

"It is a fortune in money."

"Why, I have been in possession of no money over a couple of hundred dollars."

"You have, but even now you know it not."

"How can I possess something and not be aware of the fact?"

"You will understand within four months. When the time comes, you will recall my words and say Miriam was right. She can read that which is hidden from most people. She has the power to see beyond the veil that hides from mankind the mysteries of life. And now good-by. Take this piece of bone and keep it as your emblem of good luck. Have it mounted in silver or gold and wear it as a charm on your watch chain. It will be worth your while. That is all."

With a smile she entered the tent, and Dick never saw her more; but he often had occasion to remember her and her words of truth.

CHAPTER XII.—The Man in the Tree.

When Dick returned to the store at the beginning of the new year he found he was promoted to a regular position in the store proper, with an increase of wages. His rise had been so far fairly rapid, and was due to his natural abilities as a salesman, his attractive personality and magnetic ways, and his strict attention to his duties and to the interests of his employer. His advancement created no envy among the other

clerks, for they all liked him. He possessed all the elements that make people popular with those they come in contact with; and his power extended over both sexes. Dick presided chiefly over the silverware department, as he was more familiar with that branch than the others.

He gradually extended his knowledge to watches, and subsequently to jewelry, but the unset diamond line was a special branch that required an expert to deal with, and it was attended to by one clerk only. This man was the head of the jewelry department. His pay was much higher than that of the other clerks, but then his responsibilities, knowledge and experience were greater than theirs. The days passed into weeks, and the weeks resolved themselves into months, and Easter week came around, bringing its expected invitation to Dick to spend the week-end with the Masons. He and Madge corresponded regularly now, and the latest piece of news he got from her was that she was slated for Vassar College at the beginning of the fall term. The four-year course would carry her into her twentieth year. Dick would be twenty-two then, if he lived, and he wondered if they would still think as much of each other as they did now.

So he went down to Carlin early on Saturday afternoon and was met by the auto, with Madge in it, and whirled over the road to the house. They were just turning in at the gate when a seedy, hard-featured man came along. He scowled when his eyes rested on Dick's face, and then the boy recognized him as Samuel Parker, one of the two burglars who had robbed the Mason house. His time, reduced by commutation for good behavior, had just expired at the State prison, and he had come back to his old stamping-grounds, to find things about as he had left them.

His wife had managed to get along through the sympathy of neighbors who had given her various kinds of employment, and many of the farmers occasionally chipped in a dollar apiece to help her out when she was hard pressed. She kept a cow, chickens, and raised her own vegetables, so she did not fare so badly. Now that her husband had returned, the question arose as to whether he would be able to get any employment on the farm where he had picked up odd jobs before he got into trouble. Dick was surprised to see him at liberty, not knowing that his sentence had expired, and he called Madge's attention to him.

"Yes, he's been around for about a week," she said. "Father said his time was up."

"I see. He got a commutation of twenty months. Well, he isn't as tough a nut as his companion, who enticed him into the job. That chap has three years and a half more to serve, deducting his commutation. Then he will be arrested as soon as he comes out and taken to New York to answer to the indictment the district attorney secured against him for assaulting me in the sample room of our store and stealing \$100 worth of our stock. He'll get another five years at least for that, at Sing Sing. It will simply be a change of prisons for him."

Dick inquired if the gypsies had taken their departure, and Madge said she believed they had. "This is the time that Miriam, the head of the tribe, said I was going to come into a fortune

that she alleged I already possessed, but I don't see any signs of the matter coming to pass yet," he said.

"I wonder what she meant by saying that you possessed it. She must have referred to that piece of land father gave you."

"That isn't money."

"You could realize money on it."

"Not over \$400 at the most, and that is no fortune."

"Well, she told you so much that you say proved true that I shall be surprised if she made a mistake in this matter."

"I'll be surprised if she hit the truth, for coming into a fortune in money is the very last thing I dream of at this moment."

They got out of the auto and entered the house. On the following day after dinner, as it was a nice afternoon, Dick proposed to Madge that they take a walk. So they went out and spent a couple of hours strolling along the road. They passed Dick's property and he saw that the gypsies had gone away. On their way back he proposed that they go over to the spring and have a drink.

"I'm not thirsty, but I'll go with you," she said.

The fence rails were wide enough apart for her to get through, while Dick took the customary way and climbed over. The spring was down in a gully near the fence which marked the end of Dick's land in that direction, and taking a silver-plated collapsible cup out of his pocket the boy filled it and offered it to Madge. She took a drink and then he helped himself. The young trees, now well advanced, which we mentioned before as growing at this end of Dick's property were gradually forming a small wood that would occupy about one acre of the five. On their way back they walked through these trees, as Dick was somewhat interested in their growth. They were cedar trees and would ultimately make good railroad ties.

"I wish the whole property was wooded like this," he said. "I would in such a case make a good thing out of the trees."

"As lumber?" said Madge.

"As railroad ties. Those articles are always in demand. Hello!" he exclaimed, stopping, "here's one of the old guard still standing."

He pointed at a hoary-looking old tree that had been dead for years. It showed evidence of having been struck by lightning a long time since. This had killed it, and now it stood like the mummified corpse of some old grizzled veteran of many wars, its two withered arms pointing heavenward at an acute angle that formed the whole trunk into the shape of the letter Y. Dick approached it and struck the tree with the palm of his hand. It gave forth a hollow sound and shook under the blow.

"That old monarch won't last much longer," he said. "It feels as if a strong wind would blow it over. It seems to be nothing but a shell, and yet it looks as solid as a rock outside. It's funny how some trees decay from the inside. I'm going to climb up and see if there's an opening between those limbs."

He started to do so, with the assistance of the knobby projections, when he was surprised to hear a noise inside the tree that made him suspect some kind of an animal had taken refuge

there. He kept on till his head rose above the fork and he saw a great hole extending downward. He was about to ask Madge to hand him a long stick he saw lying on the ground, when, to his astonishment, a rough voice floated upward.

"Is that you, Parker?" were the words that reached his ears.

"Hello! Who are you?" cried Dick.

A muttered imprecation followed, and then silence.

"Who are you?" again asked Dick.

There was no reply. Dick climbed higher after telling the surprised girl that there was a man inside of the tree, pulled out his match safe and flashed a light into the tree. He saw a slouched hat, which evidently covered a head, and a pair of broad shoulders.

"Come on now, I see you. What are you doing in there?" said Dick.

"None of your business," replied a voice from under the hat.

"Maybe it isn't, but it strikes me that you have no business there. So you're a friend of Parker's, eh? Birds of a feather flock together, they say, so I guess you're not a very creditable sort of individual. I'd like to know that you're trespassing on—"

"Trespassin' be jiggered! I'm just restin' here. Go away and leave me alone."

"Not until I find out who you are. Your presence in this hollow tree looks suspicious."

"What's suspicious about it? Can't a fellow roost inside a tree if he wants to when he ain't got nowhere else to go?"

Dick climbed down the tree and, taking Madge by the arm, started off. There was a large rock close by of sufficient size for a person to conceal himself behind.

"You go on, Madge, a little way, and I'll follow in a few minutes. I have an idea that fellow will show himself presently to see if the coast is clear, and I'm going to hide behind this rock and catch a sight of him if he comes up."

The girl kept on at a slow pace and Dick dropped on his hands and knees behind the stone. Five minutes passed and nothing happened. Dick was beginning to think that he had calculated wrongly, when he saw the crown of a hat rise between the fork of the two limbs. A face followed the hat, a tough-looking face, and Dick gave a gasp as he recognized it. It was the countenance of Bulger, supposed to be serving the rest of his time at the Trenton State prison.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Hidden Treasure.

Bulger looked around cautiously on every side, and believing that the person who had discovered him had gone away he sank back into his hiding place.

Dick hastily rejoined Madge and told her about the identity of the man in the tree. He also outlined his plans for the rascal's arrest. They were about to hurry to the house when Dick caught sight of a figure slouching through the trees toward the gully. He guessed it was Parker, and he altered his arrangements.

"Parker is coming to see Bulger. There he is yonder, just going down into the gully. I'm go-

ing to remain and see what happens. You hurry to the house and send John and William here as fast as they can come. Tell them to fetch their revolvers and a piece of rope. Now, then, Madge put your best foot forward."

She hastened away, while he crept back toward the big rock. Parker was coming up the gully with a package and a tin bucket in his hands. Presumably they held food for the escaped convict. Dick gained the rock without attracting Parker's attention. The ex-convict approached the tree, laid his burdens on the ground and, climbing up, stuck his head down the opening. He remained a few minutes talking with the man inside and then returned to the ground and carried up first the package and then the pail, which he passed down to Bulger. He remained at the crotch talking to his pal. Suddenly there was a cracking sound and the tree began to bend over.

Parker uttered an exclamation of alarm and started to clamber down. His movements brought matters to a head. The tree broke off at its roots and went over, carrying the ex-convict with it. As it hit the ground Dick saw a pair of legs, which belonged to Bulger, kicking like mad in the air. As they hit the roots of the tree they made the punky material fly about in a cloud. Parker was half-stunned for a moment and then he got up and went to his companion's aid, catching him by the legs and pulling him out, all covered with dirt. Bulger swore like a trooper, blaming his pal for the catastrophe.

"Where am I goin' to roost now?" said Bulger. "You'll have to take me over to your place after dark and let me stay in your barn. I can't stay out here all night, and, what's more, I won't."

"I s'pose you'll have to come, but it's dangerous for me."

"Dangerous be blamed! It's your duty to help an old pal when he's in deep."

He gave the roots of the tree a kick, expressive of his sentiments. The kick uncovered something that attracted his attention.

"Hello! What's this?" he cried.

He stooped and picked a bag out of the dust.

"What have you got there?" asked Parker, looking interested.

"Blame my hide, if it ain't a bag of money!" cried Bulger.

"Money!" cried Parker. "Then we'll divvy up."

"No, we won't divvy nothin'. Findin's is keepin's. I wonder if there's any more?"

Down he got on his hands and knees and scratched in the dust, bringing to light a second bag.

"Hurray! Another! I'm made for fair. Here's a third and there's more underneath. I'm rich!"

Dick beheld all this with feelings of the greatest astonishment. Bags of money hidden in the roots of the dead tree! Then the gypsy woman's prediction occurred to him like a flash. This was his fortune, then, and these rascals had brought it to light. What was on his property belonged to him by right of ownership in all. And now these fellows had it in their clutches, or rather Bulger had it, and seemed disposed to hold on to all of it. That was too much for Dick to stand. He was about to rush on Bulger and order him to give up the money when Parker snatched up a couple of the bags.

"Drop them!" roared Bulger.

"I'm only takin' my share," said Parker. Bulger sprang up and jumped at the ex-convict, who had to let the bags fall to defend himself. In another moment they were both at it, hammer-and-tongs, with the advantage in Bulger's favor, owing to his build and strength. Dick saw his advantage. Dashing forward, he picked up the long stick which lay on the ground and began laying it on the heads and shoulders of the two fighters. That brought the scrap to a sudden end, and the men turned to face this new and unexpected trouble. They at once recognized Dick, and as they bore him no good will, Bulger particularly, they lost no time in making a rush at him.

"Now we've got you!" hissed Bulger.

At that critical moment for Dick the gardener and the footman came on the scene and sprang to the boy's assistance. The gardener seized Bulger and the footman nabbed Parker, compelling them to release Dick. The boy then assisted the gardener in securing the escaped convict, and they had their hands full doing it. The butler was able to subdue Parker alone. Bulger was bound with the rope, and he was furious at his capture, not to speak of the loss of the money he believed he had come into. The young New Yorker then called the attention of the butler and the gardener to the bags of money lying on the ground.

"They came out of the roots of that tree, and as this property is mine, the money is mine, too, unless somebody can establish a mighty strong claim to it. It has evidently been hidden there for a great many years. The person who put it there is doubtless dead, else he would have re-claimed it long ago. I shall take charge of it by right of ownership in the property," said Dick, who at once set about gathering together the six bags Bulger had brought to light, while the ruffian hurled imprecations at him as he watched him. Dick then hunted for more, and found six additional bags. The weight of the whole was more than even the three of them could carry, had they not been embarrassed by the two prisoners, so Dick told the men to take the rascals to the house and lock them up while he would remain in charge of the money.

Then came a fresh difficulty. Bulger refused to walk.

"Return to the house, William, and get Mr. Mason to telephone to the village for the constables," said Dick. "I'll see that Parker doesn't get away."

So the butler departed on his errand. He was back in twenty minutes, accompanied by Mr. Mason and a neighboring farmer, who had called at the house. The prisoners were taken to the road where the automobile stood. Then the twelve bags of money were carried and put in the vehicle. Leaving the two servants to walk, the rest of the party proceeded to the house in the vehicle. Bulger and Parker were locked up in an outhouse to await the arrival of the constable, while the money was taken into the house and displayed before the astonished eyes of the ladies.

The money-bags were then opened and found to contain gold eagles of a date about the time of the War of the Rebellion, and being counted footed up \$120,000.

"What a lucky boy you are!" Madge said to him, after supper.

"I hope I am," he replied.

"Hope!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, you are, with all that money."

"There is something better than money. Something I'd rather have than all the gold I have come in possession of."

"What is that?"

"It's your love, Madge," he replied earnestly.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried blushingly.

"Have I got it, or have I dreamed in vain?"

He put his arm around her waist and she did not draw back. Dick did not return to New York by the early train on Monday morning, as he had arranged to do, instead of which he went to Carlin with Mr. Mason in the auto and placed the money in the Carlin National Bank, receiving therefor a draft on a bank in New York for the amount. Then he sent off two telegrams—one to the manager of the store, the other to his mother. The first read: "Will report Tuesday morning."

The second was worded: "I've found the fortune. Will be home to-night in time for dinner." Then he returned to the house to take lunch with the Masons. On the road he confessed to Mr. Mason that he loved Madge, and that she reciprocated his affection.

"I want you to sanction our engagement, with a view to our marriage as soon as she shall have graduated from Vassar."

"Ask her mother, my boy," said the gentleman. "As far as I am concerned, you need fear no obstacle from me."

While they were away, Madge sought her mother and told her that Dick had asked her to marry him four years hence when she had completed her education. Then Mrs. Mason kissed her daughter and told her that she and Mr. Mason were both well disposed toward Dick, and they were perfectly satisfied to receive him into the family at the proper time as their son-in-law.

Then the happy girl ran and broke the news to her aunt, who congratulated her on winning such a fine young man as she had always believed Dick Darling to be. Dick decided not to press any charge against Parker, and so that rascal was allowed to go free, while Bulger was taken back to Trenton, and his punishment for taking French leave was the loss of his commutation time, so he was obliged to serve the full ten years, after which he would have to face the other indictment, so his chances of staying in prison for a good part of his life were good.

During the summer the Darlings moved into a house of their own in the Bronx, and Nellie and May gave up their jobs for good. So four years passed away and Dick continued to rise in the store till one day Mr. Bacon offered to sell him a half interest in the business, and make him the manager of the store. Dick accepted his proposal, and thus, on the eve of his marriage to Madge he invested a large part of the fortune which came to him through the acquisition of a five-acre plot of ground worth not over \$250. . .

Next week's issue will contain "BEATING THE MARKET; or, A BOY BROKER'S BIG DEAL.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

CURRENT NEWS

JANITOR AN HEIR.

Charles Wineland, an \$8 a month janitor at the City Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind., leaned on the handle of his broom long enough to read a letter the other day and then a few hours later started for California to claim a 114-acre fruit farm on the outskirts of San Francisco and \$28,000 deposited in a bank there. The letter informed him that his brother had died leaving his estate to the janitor and a sister, Mrs. Caroline Bowman, of Burlington, Ind. The farm is appraised for taxation at \$78,000, according to the letter.

SETS HIMSELF ON FIRE.

Pedro Sacherelli, a boy in the eighth grade in the Little Falls, N. Y., High School, was sitting at his desk, wiggling, as boys do. Another boy, sitting near him, saw a column of smoke ascending along Pedro's backbone and circling toward the ceiling. A quick look revealed the fact that matches in Pedro's pocket had been rubbed violently enough to set them on fire.

Other pupils and the teacher jumped to the rescue and Pedro's sweater was jerked off, the fire beat out and the small boy returned to his seat. A considerable hole was burned through Pedro's clothes and he was not hurt, though the fire extinguishers shook him up considerably.

MUSICAL PITCHFORKS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A tale comes out of England which illustrates admirably the sort of unexpected demand which may have to be met in building up a foreign trade. A British manufacturer of edge tools made up his mind to secure a share of the trade in Kaffir picks, and obtained a sample of the native-made pick, which he reproduced so exactly that it seemed to be impossible to detect the difference between it and the native article. His tools, however, did not sell, and a representative was sent out to investigate. He found there was one thing for which the Kaffir used the pick that had not been taken into consideration. The native took it out of its haft and used it as a cattle call, and every Kaffir had found that the British-made pick had not quite the right note. It speaks well for the enterprise of the maker that, having discovered this, he produced a Kaffir pick with the right note and established a trade which, the story goes, he has retained ever since.

A PARIS HOLD-UP.

Paris Apaches, imitating their New York brothers, got away with one of the most daring robberies in the history of the city, carrying off 500,000 francs' worth of jewels from a shop in the center of the town and distancing their pursuers after an exciting motor car chase.

About 9 o'clock in the evening a policeman passing across the street from a jewelry shop in Rue Tronchet running from the Place de la Madeleine to the Boulevard Haussmann saw a man deliberately break a window of the store

with a hammer, seize a tray of jewels and jump into a car, which drove away at high speed. The gendarme succeeded in getting on the running board of the car, but was pushed off by the robber. The thief fired twice at him. The policeman commandeered a passing taxi and began a vain chase, for the bandit's car disappeared in a network of side streets.

SCORES OF GIRLS LOSE \$50.

Dreams of becoming cinema stars are being shattered in the minds of scores of girls throughout the Middle West as a result of the bursting of an alleged promotion bubble in Kansas City, Mo., known as the International Pictures Corporation.

The scheme, according to Federal officers, was simple. An advertisement in an Eastern theatrical magazine asked for chorus girls and leads. On beautifully engraved stationery, the applicants were told of a trip to California, a chartered yacht that was to sail the South Seas, drop anchor in Egypt and cruise European waters. The only requisite was a deposit of \$50 to "keep away curiosity seekers."

The money came with answers such as the following:

"I am five feet four and very pretty. Inclosed is \$50."

Then along came the agents of the post-office department and spoiled the plan. Hubert Settles and his wife were arrested. Post-office inspectors say they have scores of the letters from girls.

NAVY RECRUITING STOPPED.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels announced on January 4 that recruiting for the Navy has been stopped for the present, the enlisted strength having reached 132,000. The naval appropriations for the current fiscal year were made to take care of the pay of an average of 120,000 enlisted men. By expiration of enlistments the number soon will drop to about 122,000, which will give the Navy an average of 120,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30. One reason for the action is uncertainty as to the number of enlisted men Congress will authorize for the next fiscal year. Navy authorities have recommended 143,000. Another reason is found in the fact that the U. S. Atlantic and Pacific Fleets soon will sail for their rendezvous at the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal. It was not deemed desirable to go ahead with further enlistments with most of the active ships in distant waters. Although the Marine Corps has not suspended recruiting, the standard has been raised, requiring a minimum of twenty-one years of age, five feet five inches height, and 130 pounds weight. The quota for January has been cut to 1,400 and this low figure will keep the enlisted personnel of the corps within the average of 20,000 for the fiscal year 1921 for which appropriations are available. Two-year enlistments have been suspended, and recruits confined to a choice of enlisting for either three or four years.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER I.—(continued)

And then the busy lawyer caught up his satchel and started out of the office to catch his train. Lew opened the bundle of papers, and was soon studying them hard.

He had tried minor court cases, but had never had one in the supreme court, and he felt that it was rather unkind of fate that the first one that came to him to try in the upper court was regarded by even his shrewd employer as quite hopeless. However, he bent himself to the task, reflecting over the one saving point of the week, that Smollett had worked, and trying to decide just how to make that fact effective.

Just as he had made up his mind what course to pursue about it, the telephone rang, and he was notified that the case was called and that the office boy had answered ready.

Stuffing the papers in his pocket, Lew walked over to the courthouse, thinking deeply over the idea that had come into his mind. He got there just as the jury box was filled, and eyed them narrowly while the counsel for the plaintiff was examining them. It looked like a good sensible jury to him, and he made but two objections to the men in the box.

The jury was sworn and the case opened.

Smollett's lawyer told how the accident had happened, and then drew a touching picture of how the plaintiff's wife, a sickly looking woman who sat at his side in court, had slaved to support the family, Smollett being unable to work, and not having done a day's work since the time he was injured. Lew cast down his eyes when this statement was made, and began to feel a little more hopeful.

Then Smollett was put on the stand and told his story, moaned about the constant pain that he had suffered since he was hurt, while the jury began to look sympathetic. In response to the questioning of his lawyer he declared that he had not been able to do more than to sweep a room since the day of the accident. Then Lew arose to cross-examine him.

"Mr. Smollett, what was your business before you were injured?"

"I was an iron worker."

"That requires great strength, does it not?"

"Yes, it does."

"All parts of the work?"

"Yes, all parts of the work."

"And you could do any part of the work?"

"Yes, I was a pretty powerful man."

"And you have not been able to do anything more laborious than to sweep a room since you were injured?"

"That is true."

"How long have you lived in this city?"

"Three years."

"Where did you live before you came here?"

"In Far Rockton."

"At what address?"

"Two-forty-one Vine street."

"How long did you live there?"

"Four months."

"Where did you move to when you came to this city?"

"One-seventy-two Bear street."

"How long did you live there?"

"Six weeks. The house was cold and we could not stay there."

Lew bent down and selected a paper, glanced at it as though to refresh his memory, and then went on with the examination.

CHAPTER II.

The Result of the Young Lawyer's Keen Management of the Smollett Case.

"Where did you move to then?"

"Seventy-nine-eight Locust street."

"How long did you live there?"

"Only three weeks. The plumbing was bad."

Lew kept on in this line of questioning for several minutes more, by which time Smollett had testified that he had moved thirteen times during the past three years, in each instance telling the address of the house he had lived in and the length of time he had lived there.

"This is astonishing," said Lew. "You certainly possess a remarkable memory, Mr. Smollett."

"I think I have got a good memory," complacently said the witness.

"There is no question about that," said Lew. "I very much doubt if any gentleman on the jury could have remembered so much and so positively as you have done, and yet you have apparently forgotten that you worked for the Continental Iron Works for one entire week since the date of your accident!"

A murmur of surprise went around the crowded courtroom. The witness grew pale and then flushed fiery red, and shifted uneasily in his seat, while the members of the jury glanced at each other in a significant manner.

Smollett's lawyer half arose as though to make some objection, and then seemed to realize the hopeless nature of the situation and sat down again with a scowl on his face.

The witness was trembling, and Lew went at him savagely.

"I have here a sworn copy of the time-book of the Continental Iron Works, in which your name appears as having worked from the seventh to the thirteenth of June in the year you were injured," he said, fixing the unhappy witness with his piercing eyes. "Do you deny that you did that work?"

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

"NO JOB; NO BRIDE."

The extent and the effect of unemployment in Detroit was shown recently when it was learned that twenty-six bridegrooms have recently returned their marriage licenses to the county clerk. All gave the same reason: "No job, no wedding," they said.

BABY OSTRICH SCRAPPY.

Jonathan, the first ostrich chick hatched in Canada, is progressing under the care of Zoo Manager F. Green in Stanley Park, Vancouver. It was at first believed that the rare and valuable bird would not live, and it was taken from its parents and placed in the Green home. Appearance of weakness proved deceptive, for Jonathan quickly whipped the house cat and won a decision over the family spaniel.

CRACKS SAFE, GETS 16 CENTS.

William Redke, forty years old, with no permanent residence, out of employment and broke, is in the Washington County jail, Pennsylvania, a confessed burglar and attempted suicide. Redke's cracking of the safe in the Pennsylvania Station at Houston the other night, he told the authorities, netted him but 16 cents. Discouraged over the small haul, he turned on all the gas in the station office. Five hours later he awoke still in the land of the living. In disgust he surrendered to the officers. He pleaded guilty and was committed to jail in default of \$1,000 bail.

WHERE DO SEALS SPEND THE WINTER?

No one knows where the seals go in the winter. In Alaska they begin to appear on the Islands of St. Paul and St. George about the end of April or the first of May, and toward the latter part of August or in the first weeks of September they disappear as strangely and mysteriously as they came. This is one of nature's secrets which she has kept most successfully hid from scientists as well as the prying eyes of the merely curious and inquisitive.

Even in the days, years ago, when the seals numbered five millions or more, apparently some signal unknown to man would be given and the next day the fog-wreathed rocks would be bare, the seals having deserted the islands. With their slipping off into Bering Sea, all trace of them was lost until their return the following spring. Then some morning they would suddenly reappear, disporting themselves in the water or on the shore.

ABOUT SCENTED WOODS.

With the woods of the world to choose from one can easily arrange a whole scale of scents from the sweetest and most delicate of perfumes at one extreme to rank any overpowering odors at the other, says the American Forestry Magazine. The stores of the perfumer's shop will not yield a greater variety than one can find in woods.

The most famous of all scented woods is the

incomparable sandalwood. The true sandalwood (*Santalum album*) is an Oriental tree, the use of which for perfumery and incense began thousands of years ago, and its popularity remains undiminished. The later Greeks considered it one of their greatest luxuries, and no festivities were complete without it. There are many false sandalwoods, at least three from India, one or two from the Philippines and Java, one from Australia and another from the West Indies and Venezuela.

In some parts of the Himalayas and in the Khasia Hills the yew tree is called deodar (God's tree), the name that is elsewhere applied to a true cedar. The wood of the yew is burnt as incense, as is also that of the cypress. One of the favorite woods for incense in the Buddhist temples of India is the juniper. In parts of South America a wood closely related to the *lignum-vitae* is called palo santo (sacred wood), because of its use for incense in churches.

The Northwestern Indians nearly always made their totem poles out of Western red cedar, but this choice was probably due more to the fact that the wood is easy to work and extremely durable rather than to its fragrance. It may be taken as a very good general rule that woods that are scented are resistant to decay and insect attack and have good cabinet qualities.

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THE RENEGADE'S FATE.

By Kit Clyde.

"Then you will not listen to me?"

"No. I believe you to be a wicked man, and I will never consent to sacrifice my child to such as you."

"But if she loves me?"

"She does not—she cannot! She knows your evil reputation, and her heart is another's."

"I will wait. She loves me, and will be mine. I am sure of it."

"Never! And now, as we have already prolonged this meeting beyond reason, go, and never speak to me on the subject again."

"Very well, Giles Raynor, I shall not. I shall speak to your daughter instead."

"Do so at your peril, Tom Walden! Now go!"

"Good-morning, Farmer Raynor, and a better temper to you when we meet again."

The man whose suit had been refused went away with a smile upon his dark face, and without the least threat against his rival, or the man who had given him his dismissal, nor the least suggestion that he meant otherwise than to honestly win the girl whom he professed to love.

Giles Raynor was a settler in the far Northwest, and a man of importance in the little town which he had founded.

Tom Walden had come among the settlers within a year, and had affected a great liking for Grace Raynor, the farmer's daughter, and had asked for her hand in marriage.

Walden claimed to be a lumberman, but there were those who said that he had come into this lonely region to get ahead of an evil reputation, and although he might be what he avowed, he was no honest man seeking to make a living in these wilds.

It was said, although not too openly, that Tom Walden was a gambler and a thief; that he had fled to escape punishment for his crimes, and that even now, in his new home, he was not above suspicion, and that many had been made victims of his unscrupulous methods.

Grace Raynor had expressed an open dislike to him, and was reported to be engaged to marry Jack Woodson, an honest young fellow at work in the sawmill in town, the only support of a widowed mother, and as free-hearted, generous-handed a young man as one could meet.

No one knew definitely if the young people were engaged, for they kept their own counsel, and when slyly questioned about the matter replied that people would know all about it as soon as it became necessary for them to do so.

Tom Walden left the farmer's house, ostensibly to go to work in the woods, and Giles Raynor gave little thought to him, having other matters to occupy his mind.

He left his daughter to look after the house, as usual, when he went into the fields, saying nothing to her about Walden's proposal, not deeming it necessary to worry her.

When he came home at noon his wife said that Grace had gone to another town to make some purchases, being unable to obtain what she

wanted in their own village, expecting to return by the middle of the afternoon.

When evening came she had not returned, and the farmer began to feel a vague alarm concerning her, or any one in whom she was interested.

At nightfall a boy brought a note to the farmer, saying that it had been given him by a woman closely veiled, an hour before, on the extreme verge of the town.

The note read as follows:

"Dear Father: I have gone away with the man I love—Tom Walden. Do not pursue us, for we will not be brought back alive. By the time you receive this we will be married."

"GRACE."

The farmer handed the note to his wife, his face expressing the astonishment he felt.

"It is not true," said Mrs. Raynor. "Grace told me only this noon that she loved Jack Woodson, and that they intended to be married in the fall, but that they did not want it generally known just yet."

"Then this scoundrel Walden has carried her off!" cried the farmer.

"Grace never wrote that letter," said the wife. "She is a truthful girl, and has told me often that she never loved any one but Jack; and to-day, as I told you, she said that she and Jack had fixed on the day for their wedding."

The farmer took the note, put on his glasses, and read it again, more carefully.

"It's her handwriting, as sure as I sit here," he said; "but that scoundrel has made her write it, and has carried her off."

"Grace would die sooner than write a lie," said the mother.

At that moment Jack Woodson entered the room.

"Where is Grace? What is this story I hear?" he asked excitedly.

The farmer handed him the note, which he read hurriedly and then tossed upon the floor.

"It's a lie! a false, cruel lie!" he cried. "My darling never wrote that—never could write it. It's the work of that villain, Walden. Do you know what I have just heard? Tom Walden was arrested on a charge of forgery in Chicago—would have gone to prison, for his conviction was certain, but jumped his bail, and fled. His name is not Walden at all. There is a man at the hotel who knows all about him, and described him this very hour. More than that, there is an old indictment against him in New York for murder. The plea was self-defence, and the case never came to trial. Now they have new evidence that he deliberately murdered the man. He was then known as Tom Walden. My Grace run away with a man like that! Never! He has carried her off, and has written this note himself to deceive us. He has stolen her, but I will pursue him and bring her back, if I have to kill him to do it!"

Then, without further words, he rushed from the house into the darkness.

The next morning he had disappeared, and no one knew where he had gone, nor for months did the settlers hear tidings of him or of Grace or of Tom Walden.

In one of the wildest parts of the Northwest woods an Indian village had been built.

There were no white settlers within many miles, and the tribe was said to be a peaceful one, never going on the warpath, and always treating with kindness the few straggling whites who made their way into this wilderness.

In one of the larger lodges of the village, one pleasant afternoon in the late autumn, were a man of about forty and a girl not much over twenty.

The girl's complexion was fair, and she had none of the characteristics of the Indian, although dressed like one.

The man was tall and swarthy, with long, black hair, which hung straight down upon his broad shoulders, his face was cruel and crafty, and his every look was evil.

He was dressed in half-savage, half-civilized style, wearing a fur cap, an embroidered hunting-shirt of buckskin, woolen trousers, heavy boots, and a red sash in which were thrust a brace of pistols and a knife.

"See here, Grace," he said to the girl who sat before him on a low couch of skins, "I haven't brought you here for nothing, and you must be my wife."

"Never, Tom Walden, or whatever your evil name is," said the girl. "Far from home and friends, among these wild and savage men, less pitiless than you are, I can still defy you. I will never be your wife!"

"These people are my allies," said Walden. "I have inflamed them against the whites, and they are ready to go on the warpath if I bid them. They will kill you as soon as any one, if I give the word, and I will if you do not consent to—"

"Never!" cried Grace, springing to her feet. "I doubt not that you have told many lies to account for my disappearance, since you dragged me from my home by your baseness. You are false enough to make war against your own people, but I do not fear you, no matter what you threaten. Kill me, if you will, and release me from my misery!"

"I've a mind to take you at your word!" cried Walden, seizing the girl by the wrist and raising his knife as if to strike.

The maiden never flinched; but at that moment an Indian youth sprang into the lodge and threw himself between the renegade and the girl.

"White man no strike the white flower!" he cried.

"Who are you?" growled the man, looking fixedly at the youth.

"Me Young Elk. Me live far off, me come to village, me have friend."

"Well, Mr. Young Elk, this is my squaw, and you will take yourself off and mind your—"

"Paleface lie! The white flower is not his squaw!" the young Indian replied.

"Get out of here!" hissed the renegade.

"No! Young Elk stay. White flower need friend. Me be her friend."

"Blame you!" hissed Walden. "We'll see if any mere boy can defy me! Out of the way, dog!"

"No," said the Indian. "Not while white flower stay. Young Elk be friend to white woman; bad paleface shall not strike."

"Thank you, my friend, but I fear him not," said Grace.

"I will conquer you yet!" hissed the renegade, as he rushed from the lodge, the Indian boy having stepped aside.

As soon as Walden had gone, Grace left the lodge and hurried into the forest, where she ran on till she reached a pool of water which made its way swiftly into a cave amid the great ledges of rock.

The spot was at some distance from the village, the trees grew thick and high, and the path between them was narrow and winding, and easily lost; but the girl had evidently been there before, for when she reached the opening in front of the pool she looked around her with an air of security.

Walden, leaving the lodge, went to the chiefs, whom he found gathered in council.

"Who is Young Elk?" demanded Walden.

"He is my kinsman," said one of the chiefs.

"He is a meddler!" snarled the renegade. "I will kill him if he does not take care!"

"No, False Heart will not!" cried the old chief. "False Heart lies, he has told crooked tales of the paleface, he is a bad man. He would make us go on the warpath when the whites have not wronged us. It is he who will have to take care lest Young Elk kill him!"

Inflamed with rage, Walden left the council and hurried into the forest. As he hurried along the narrow path he was followed by Young Elk.

Reaching the opening, Walden found Grace upon her knees at the edge of the pool. "I cannot bear to leave this bright world," she murmured, "but I could not bear the disgrace, the shame of being that man's wife! Oh! why is there no one to help me?"

"Die, if you will have it so!" cried the renegade, raising his hand to strike.

Upon the instant, the young Indian who had been trailing him, sprang forward, seized the renegade by the throat and hurried him into the pool.

"Grace, my darling!" he cried, taking the girl in his strong grasp and drawing her away.

"Jack! You!" she cried. "Then you are Young Elk?"

"No; he is my friend. He it was who found you here in the village, and told me, and none too soon. I have sought you in many places. The Indian boy who gave your father the letter forged by Walden confessed that the villain had taken you to some tribe far away, and I began my search. I went from tribe to tribe, finding you not, and at last met Young Elk, whose life I saved. He went with me from village to village, making inquiries, and here at last he found you. But what has become of that scoundrel?"

"The strong current must have carried him into yonder cave," said Grace. "The Indians say the stream never issues forth after leaving the light."

"Then the scoundrel has met his just reward for all his crimes," said Jack. "Come, I have found you, and now we will return, never to be parted again."

It is needless to say that Grace's parents were overjoyed at her safe return, and on the appointed day Jack and Grace became man and wife.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

GETS FOUR BEARS.

Albert Forney of White Rapids, Wis., shot four bears recently. While out hunting he discovered a cub in what proved to be a winter den. He shot the cub and brought the mother charging down upon him. Another shot finished her. Forney then dispatched the two remaining cubs. Father Bruin escaped by flight.

CARRIED AN ARSENAL.

Hilary Smith of Brooklyn was sent to jail the other day for six months and fined \$35 on charges of carrying concealed weapons, drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Smith, who said he was a longshoreman, carried three big revolvers, three razors, two dirk knives, 200 rounds of ammunition, a marked deck of cards, a pair of loaded dice and two half pints of whisky. He was arrested at the Union Station, Washington, D. C., by detectives, who noticed the bulges in his clothing.

"I was getting along all right in New York and Brooklyn," he said in court, "until those cops up there got too inquisitive and I had to leave. Just the same I am a harmless man."

WILD DOG ATTACKS MAN.

Running wild for two years, after being lost in the wilds of the Indian Creek Valley, Pa., by a Pittsburgh hunter, an Airedale dog attacked and injured James C. Munson, a well-known Connellsville man, who was hunting in that section of the country.

It was with difficulty that Munson beat off the dog, which tore his clothing and flesh in several places.

Only the whine of pups near by prevented Munson from killing the canine. Nine pups about six weeks old were taken by members of a posse which went into the mountains when the attack was reported by Munson. The mother dog was not seen, but hunters who have encountered the animal say she is as savage as any wolf they ever saw.

WHY CAN'T WE SEE IN THE DARK?

We cannot see in the dark because there is no light to see by. To understand this we must first understand that when we see a thing, as we gen-

erally say, we do not actually see the thing itself, but only the light coming from it. But we have become so used to saying that we see the thing itself that for all practical purposes we can accept that as true, although it is not scientifically exact. Scientifically speaking, we see that part of the sunlight or other light which is shining upon it which the object is able to reflect.

If there were no air about us, we could not hear any sounds, no matter how much disturbance people or things created, because it requires air to cause the sound waves which produce sound, and air also to carry the sound waves to our ears. In the same way, if there is no light to produce light rays from any given object to our eyes, we can see nothing. It requires light waves to produce the reflections of objects to our eyes. Without light our eyes and their delicate organs are useless. You cannot see yourself in a mirror when the quicksilver which was once on the back of the glass has been removed, because there is then nothing to reflect the light. We can only see things when there is light enough about to reflect things to our eyes. When it is dark there is no light, and that is the reason we cannot see anything in the dark.—Book of Wonders.

LAUGHS

"I had an awful time with Amos last night."
"Amos who?" "A mosquito."

"So you want to marry my daughter; what are your prospects?" "That is for you to say, sir; I am not a mind reader."

Sunday School Teacher—Is your papa a Christian, Bobby? Little Bobby—No'm. Not to-day. He's got a toothache.

Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothing?" Patsy—Yes'm. Teacher—Why? Patsy—'Cause yer can't.

"No, I can never be your wife." "What? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" She succumbed.

"How do you distinguish the waiters from the guests in this cafe? Both wear full dress," "Yes, but the waiters keep sober!"

Albert Asker—Mamma, may I go out in the street? They say there's going to be an eclipse of the sun. Mrs. Asker—Yes, but don't go too near.

Teacher—What do we see above us when we go out on a clear day? Harry—We see the blue sky. "Correct, and what do we see above us on a rainy day?" "An umbrella."

Mother—I gave you a nickel yesterday to be good, and to-day you are just as bad as you can be. Willie—Yes, ma I'm trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

CAT SAVED BY DOG.

Judson T. Logan, of Leverette, Mass., and members of his family overlooked the family cat, "Chum," when they made a hurried escape from their burning home the other day. But "Ted," their big St. Bernard, remembered.

The dog discovered the absence of his playmate, rushed back through the smoke and soon reappeared with "Chum" in his mouth.

Incidentally the Logans, as well as the other occupants of another apartment in the house gave the dog credit for awakening them by barking, so they reached the street before their escape was cut off by the flames.

OVERPOPULATION.

A remarkable case of overpopulation is that of the Island of Bukara, in Lake Victoria Nyanza, described by H. L. Duke in the Cornhill Magazine. This island, with an area of 36 square miles, much of which is bare granite, though isolated from the rest of the world, supports a population of 19,000. The small garden plots are carefully marked off and rights of ownership are rigidly observed. Trees are valued more than the land on which they grow. In some cases one man owns the trees and another the ground. A man must not steal his neighbor's leaves, sticks and rubbish. A father may even divide a tree among his children, allotting certain branches to each.

FINDS A REAL PARADISE.

Thomas Kelley, a farmhand in Paradise, Kan., 60 years old, has just received a present that belonged to anybody until a few days ago.

Kelley has been working in this community as a farmhand for some years. Near Paradise is the Worley ranch, consisting of several thousand acres. It has been the opinion of all that Worley owned all the land. Kelley began an investigation and discovered that eighty acres near the center of the ranch never had been homesteaded.

He immediately took up the matter with the Topeka land office and is now practically the owner of the farm, worth approximately \$5,000. The land is in the heart of a rich and fertile valley, noted for raising wheat. Most of the farm is under cultivation.

Kelley will improve the land at once and will erect a house to live in.

GIRLS MUST COVER KNEES.

Girl students at the Randolph-Macon Institute, part of the Southern Methodist institution, Danville, Va., have been told in blunt terms they must wear their stockings as their mothers taught them and not in conformity with fashion's latest edict, which provides for the rolling process and knee lengths.

From sources of unquestioned authority comes word that within the last few days the faculty of teachers were called together and served what was little short of an ultimatum to the student body. Failure to comply will be met with severe reprisals.

It is alleged and not contradicted, that certain young sophomores who cling to college traditions have been "rolling their own" with ruthless disregard to feet and meters. The students have accepted the order with philosophy.

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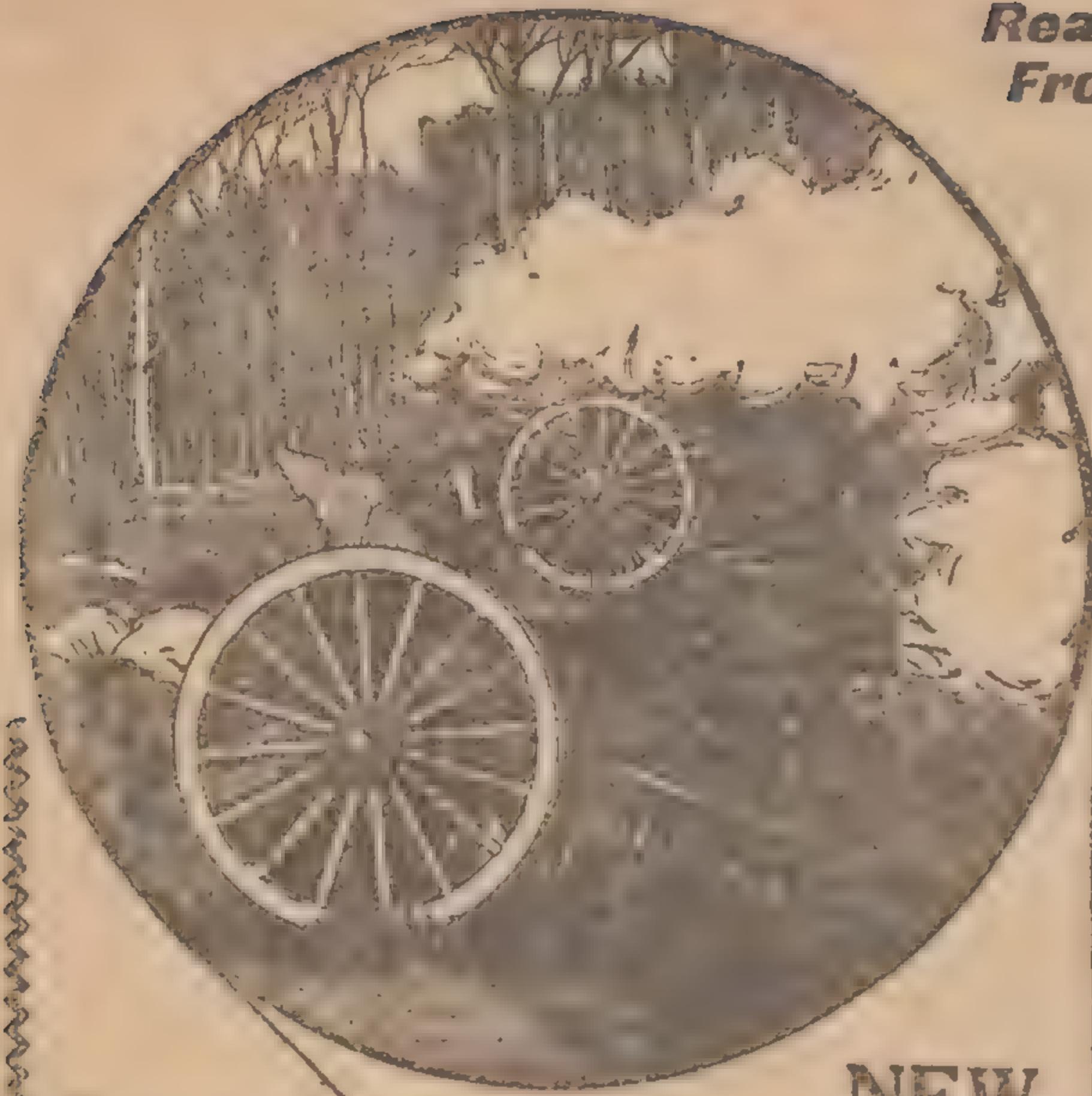
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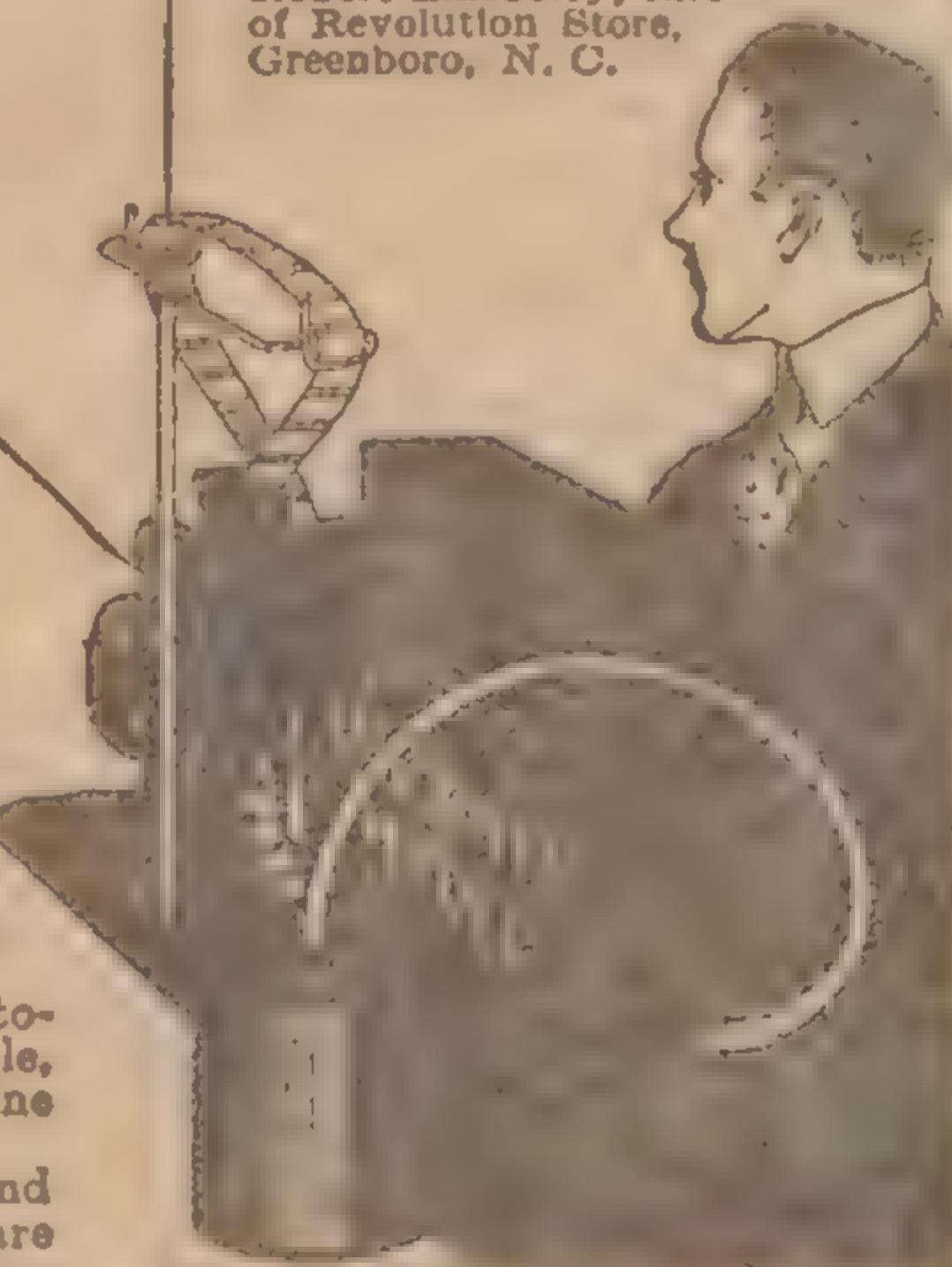
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Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about writing to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



BOYS SETTLE DISPUTE; SCHOOL- MA'AM REFEREE

Schoolroom disputes among the boys at the Webster School in Chicago, where children of twenty-two nationalities attend classes, are not settled by arbitrary fiat of a teacher. Instead, the principal of the school, Miss Alice M. Hogge, believes in letting the boys decide their grievances with their fists, it was learned recently, and in the latest quarrel she acted as referee and second to both combatants.

It was a fight to the finish in school basement between Salvatore Sortino and Abe Selon, both aged 12. Time was called several times to enable the combatants to rest and rinse out their mouths, and after fifteen minutes Salvatore had an unquestioned decision.

"Letting the boys fight out their troubles is the best way in a school such as the Webster," said Miss Hogge. "Of course, the fights must be fair."

"I never permit any serious injuries. A black eye or two, such as Abe got, is usually the limit."

J. C. Mortensen, superintendent of schools, declared he was in favor of Miss Hogge's method, saying it is the most successful ever tried in that school.

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SHARK FISHING IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

The shark fishing industry is becoming increasingly important in the Ensenada Consular district, writes United States Consul William C. Burdett, stationed in Lower California. The Lower California shark, known locally as the dogfish shark, is from four to five feet long and weighs from 90 to 125 pounds. The fishing is usually done by individual fishermen working out from camps on land. The fish are caught on long set lines, on which are fifty to one hundred hooks baited with small fish or lumps of shark meat.

The fins are sold for consumption by Chinese in shark fin soup. The liver is boiled down and shark oil rendered out. Each liver gives an average of one gallon of oil. The oil is used in paints and as a leather preservative. The skins are not utilized, except for fertilizer. Frequently shark steaks are sold by Chinese in the district under the name of grayfish.

The large canneries operating fish fertilizer plants in San Diego, Cal., are eager to buy shark, and the newly finished plant at Sauzal, Lower California, expects to specialize on converting shark into fish meal fertilizer.

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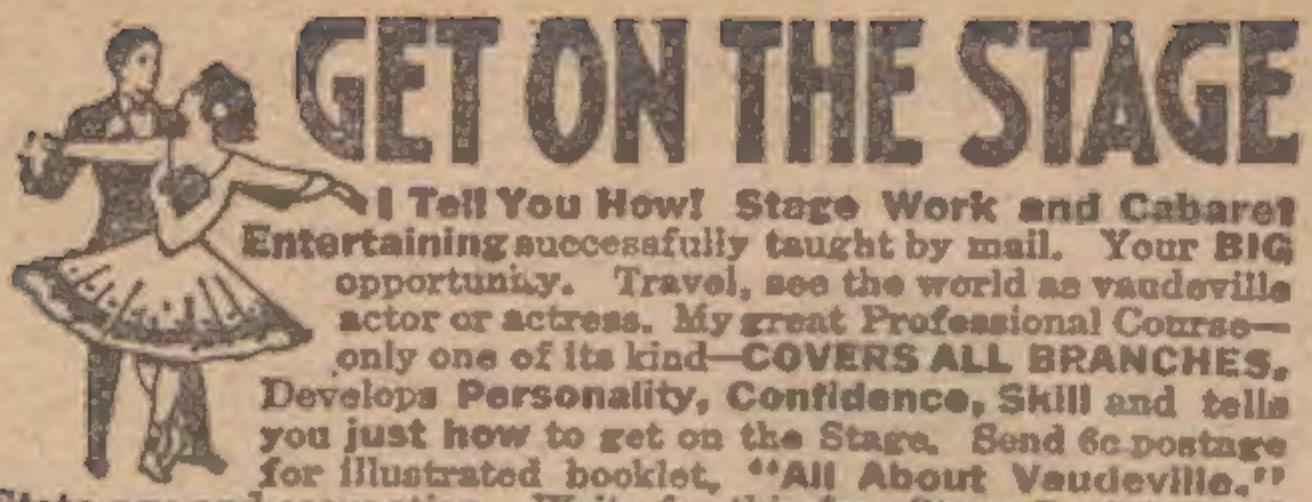
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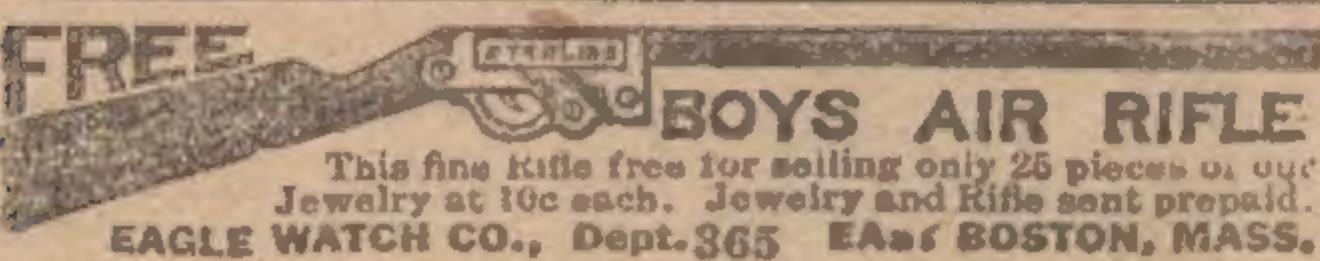
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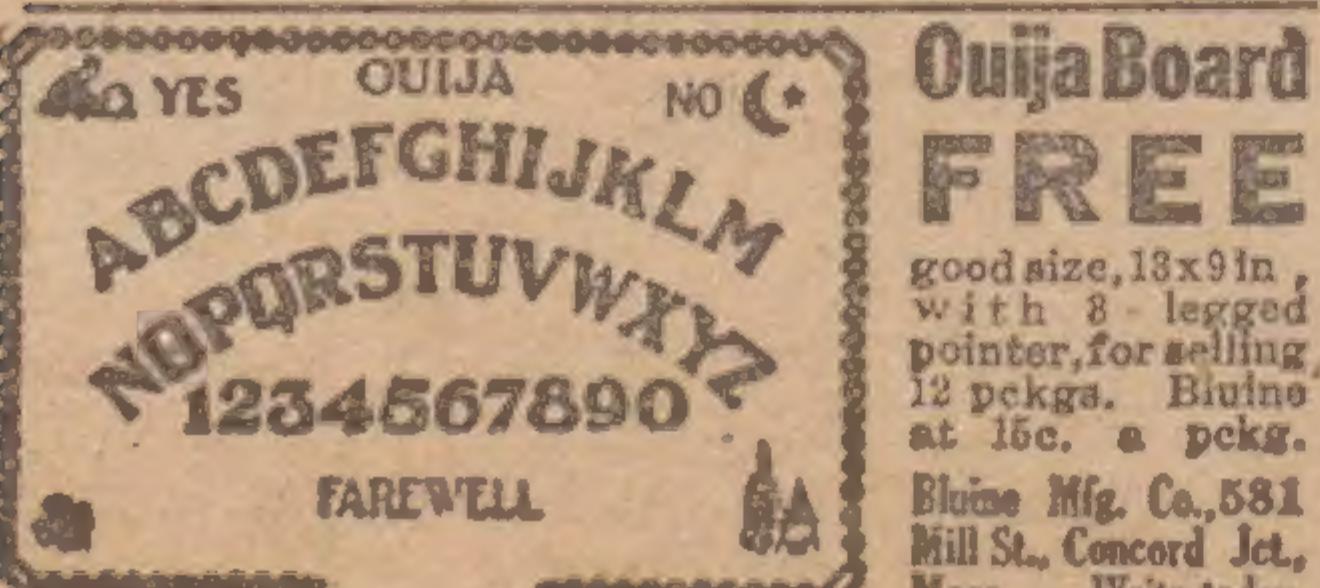
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